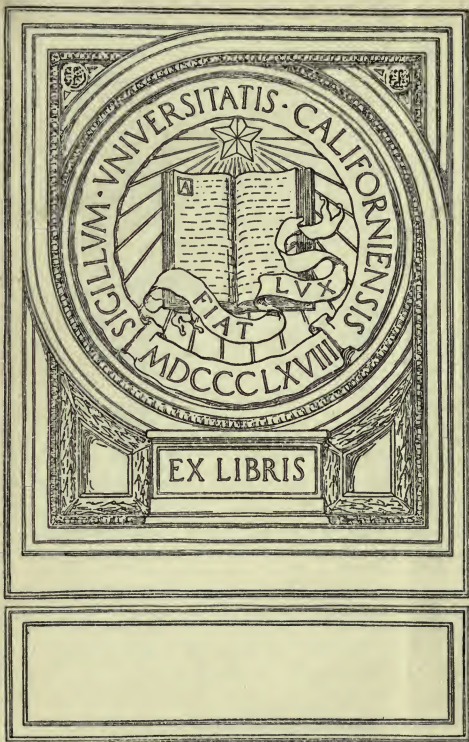


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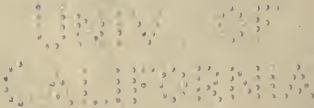
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THE POETICAL WORKS OF
THOMAS CHATTERTON.
WITH A PREFATORY NOTICE,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY JOHN RICHMOND.



THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD.,
LONDON AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.
NEW YORK: 3 EAST 14TH STREET.

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Prefatory Notice.



IN the annals of English literature there is to be found no more romantic career than that of THOMAS CHATTERTON,

“ . . . the marvellous boy,
The sleepless soul, that perished in his
pride.”

His youth and surpassing genius, the circumstances of his alleged discovery, his unfortunate career and untimely death, all contribute to form a figure unique in the history of literature. His is a name which instinctively draws from us feelings of tenderest sympathy and pity—feelings such as no poet, save, perhaps, Keats, has ever inspired. Around his personality there clings a halo of romance which somewhat obscures our view by its distracting glow; and for this, to a great extent, the poet, the artist, and the dramatist are

responsible. Art has not given us a realistic rendering of his sufferings : the repulsive details are subordinated, while the picturesque and romantic phase of the theme is emphasised. It is only, therefore, when this pleasing but deceptive glamour is cleared away that we can perceive in its nakedness the terrible pathos and dire reality of the youthful poet's life.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol on the 20th of November 1752. His father, a schoolmaster, and a "singing-man" in Bristol Cathedral, had died some months previous, leaving his widow entirely dependent on her own exertions. Thus the life of the poet began, as it ended, in indigence and misfortune. In his early years Chatterton was dull, and as he grew older manifested neither desire nor ability to learn. At five years of age he was sent to the school over which his father had formerly presided ; but there he made so little progress, that in a short time he was handed over to his mother as incapable of acquiring even his letters. His listlessness continued till chance furnished a more agreeable method of mastering the rudiments.

The illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript, which had belonged to his father, caught the boy's fancy, and he began to apply himself in earnest. His dormant energies were now effectually roused, and under the tuition of his mother he quickly learned to read from an old black-letter Bible ; and it is not improbable that his subsequent love of antiquity may have originated in this pregnant circumstance. He quickly began to develop

a taste for literature, and it is related that "at eight years of age he was so eager for books that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him."

A very important change in his training occurred on the 3rd August 1760, when he was admitted to Colston's Charity School. In this establishment, a reproduction of Christ's Hospital, London, the boys were boarded, clothed, and fed, in addition to receiving their education. The only holidays were Saturday afternoons and Saints' days.* It may well be imagined that the routine of this institution was not calculated to develop a character such as Chatterton's, and that it was distasteful to him is evident, since it necessarily implied an absence of that leisure to which he had hitherto been accustomed. Notwithstanding his dislike, the training he received was in some respects beneficial, but that it had also its negative effects is clearly seen from his subsequent career.

At school he was of a proud disposition, making but few friends, and these chiefly for their intellectual qualities. Chief among them were Thomas Phillips, an usher, on whose death he wrote an elegy; James Thistlethwaite, a person of literary tastes; and Baker, his bed-fellow, who subsequently went to Charlestown. The series of poems to Miss Hoyland were written by Chatterton for Baker, who transmitted them to the object of his affections as his own.

There must also be noted his acquaintance with Mr.

Barret, a surgeon and antiquarian. Through Barret he also became familiar with Mr. George Catcott, a man of inordinate vanity, slightly touched with bibliomania, but with some pretensions to education.

In July 1767 he left Colston's school, and entered the office of Mr. Lambert, a Bristol attorney, to learn the trade of a scrivener. Mr. Lambert's business was not large, and Chatterton's duties consisted generally in copying out precedents. He had thus ample leisure for study; and it has been surmised that during his apprenticeship he prepared the bulk of the materials for that elaborate deception with which he was shortly to astonish the literary world.

He had been about a year in Lambert's office when a new bridge at Bristol was opened, and there appeared in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* an account of the opening of the old bridge, purporting to be taken from an ancient manuscript. The article naturally aroused curiosity, and when the printer was appealed to, after some little trouble, he found the contributor to be a youth named Thomas Chatterton. Several leading gentlemen in Bristol called on him; but mistaking the nature they had to deal with, they treated him as a mere boy without intelligence. At this his pride rose, and in answer to their inquiries they received nothing but a sullen refusal of information. Persuasion, however, had the desired effect, and he told his visitors that the manuscript had been discovered by his father in the muniment room of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe.

The Chattertons had been connected with the church of St. Mary Redcliffe for several generations. Richard Philips, the poet's uncle—the last of the family who filled any office in the church—had been sexton. In the church, which had been rebuilt by William Canynge, a famous Bristol merchant in the reign of Edward IV., was a chest known as “William Canynge's Cofre,” which in bygone days had been used for storing deeds, titles, etc. This chest had originally possessed six keys, but in course of time these were all lost. Some deed or another thought to be in the chest was required, and it became necessary to break open the coffer. After the requisite papers had been removed, the chest and its remaining manuscripts were left unsecured—a piece of carelessness of which Chatterton's father availed himself by appropriating a large number of the parchments, which he found useful for covering the books of his scholars, and which his widow after his death collected into a large deal box, utilising them as dress-shapes, and in the performance of other little domestic functions of a like nature. While staying with Mr. Lambert as an apprentice he frequently visited his mother, and during one of his visits he chanced upon a fragment of an old MS. fulfilling the humble office of a thread-paper. Attracted by its antique appearance, he made inquiries of his mother concerning it, and was rewarded by being shown the deal-box containing the rest of the parchments. These he found belonged to the fifteenth century, and consisted for the most part of poetical

compositions by William Canynge and his friend Thomas Rowley, described as a "secular priest." Besides poems, Rowley also wrote on history, architecture, etc. ; and in addition to performing the priestly duties, he also produced dramas and interludes for the amusement of his patron.

William Canynge was the younger of two brothers, and became Mayor of Bristol during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. In 1467, after the death of his wife, Canynge took holy orders that he might avoid a marriage forced upon him by the king, gave himself up to the study of art and literature, became Dean of Westbury College, Gloucester, which he rebuilt from plans supplied by Rowley, and departed an honoured life in 1474. His father-confessor but a few years after followed him to the grave.

Such is the story Chatterton would have the world believe concerning the discovery and authors of the Rowley MSS. That Canynge was a real personage has been proved beyond doubt ; but Chatterton has incorporated such a mass of fiction with the truth, that it is doubtful which predominates. He seems to have taken Canynge as the central figure of his elaborate composition, and round him to have sketched with consummate skill the incidents and characters that figure in the Rowley romance.

Naturally the first to benefit by his alleged discovery were his friends Catcott and Barret, the surgeon, who happened to be collecting materials for a work on the history and antiquities of Bristol. Chatterton supplied

Barret with numerous fragments, among others with an extraordinary composition called "Turgot's Account of Bristol, translated by T. Rowley out of Saxon into English." This, and many similar pieces, the historian, with childish credulity, incorporated with his work, and not till twenty years after, when his ponderous tomes were approaching completion, did the slightest doubt as to the authenticity of the MSS. assail him. Catcott also received several transcripts, among them "The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin," and the finest of the pieces fathered on Rowley, "*Ælla*," a tragedy. In return for these fragments, Chatterton received pecuniary aid from his patrons, and also the privilege—to him a great one—of borrowing books from Barret's library. Catcott also introduced him to his brother, the Rev. Alexander Catcott, who condescendingly took an interest in the young poet, whose admiration for his patron, however, was by no means sincere.

As he became more intimate with Catcott, his characteristic thirst for literary fame began to assert itself. "His ambition," says his sister, Mrs. Newton, "increased daily. His spirits were rather uneven, sometimes so gloomed that for many days together he would say very little, and that by constraint; at other times exceedingly cheerful. When in spirits, he would enjoy his rising fame; confident of advancement, he would promise my mother and me should be partakers of his success."

Lambert's office now began to pall upon Chatterton's

taste, and he determined to remain "a mute inglorious Milton" no longer, but to make an effort to gain a footing upon the literary ladder.

To Dodsley, the fashionable bookseller in Pall Mall, he despatched a letter, acquainting him with several "ancient manuscripts" that he could easily obtain. No notice was taken of the communication, and he determined to write again. In his next letter, speaking of the tragedy of "*Ælla*," he says—"Struck with the beauties of it, I endeavoured to obtain a copy of it to send to you; but the present possessor absolutely denies to give me one unless I give him a guinea for a consideration. As I am unable to procure such a sum, I made search for another copy, but unsuccessfully. Unwilling such a beauteous piece should be lost, I have made bold to apply to you; several gentlemen of learning, who have seen it, join with me in praising it. I am far from having any mercenary views for myself in this affair, and, was I able, would print it at my own risque. It is a perfect tragedy; the plot clear, the language spirited, and the songs (interspersed in it) are flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple; the similes judiciously applied, and, though wrote in the reign of Henry the VI., not inferior to many of the present age. If I can procure a copy, with or without the gratification, it shall be immediately sent to you. The motive that actuates me to do this is, to convince the world that the monks (of whom some have so despicable an opinion) were not such blockheads as generally thought, and that good

poetry might be wrote in the dark days of superstition as well as in these more enlightened days. An immediate answer will oblige." But neither guinea nor answer came to gladden the heart of the youthful aspirant. This was disappointing, but he decided to make one more attempt, this time a bold one. To no less a personage than Horace Walpole did he address his next letter. It was to the effect that, while engaged in the study of antiquities, the writer had come upon a "curious manuscript," the text of which might be of service to Walpole for any future edition of his *Anecdotes of Painting*.

The "curious manuscript" he enclosed was a fragment on "The Ryse of Peyncteyne in Englande, wroten by T. Rowlie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge." Although Walpole had but shortly before been the means of introducing Macpherson's *Ossian* to the world, he does not seem to have regarded the communication with the least suspicion. He accordingly wrote back to Chatterton in most encouraging terms ; at one part he writes :—

"I cannot but think myself singularly obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me of communicating your manuscript to me. What you have already sent me is valuable, and full of information ; but instead of correcting you, sir,

you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

"As a second edition of my *Anecdotes* was published last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon ; but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure ; for as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

"Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's poems are to be found. I should not be sorry to print them, or at least a specimen of them, if they have never been printed."

Chatterton was greatly elated with the reception his letter had received ; surely, now, his star was in the ascendant, and those dreams of fame which long had filled his brain were about to be realised. His next letter, however, betrayed his inexperience in the world's ways : in it he revealed his poverty and youth, and these at once aroused the suspicions of Walpole, who immediately placed the MSS. he had received in the hands of his friends, Mason and Gray, by whom they were at once pronounced to be forgeries.

The whole of the subsequent correspondence has not been preserved, but Chatterton wrote desiring back his manuscripts. Walpole paid no heed to this demand, till a second letter was received, demanding the poems in

terms, says Walpole, "singularly impertinent." The only reply Chatterton received was a blank envelope enclosing the transcripts, an insult the poet never forgave. For his treatment of the youthful bard Walpole has been repeatedly censured; and there is no doubt that, indirectly, the effect of his curt refusal of aid is to be seen in that unfortunate act committed a year later. All that can be said in the matter has been very well said by De Quincey. "Nobody," he says, "blamed Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) for resisting the imposition of Chatterton. He was right in refusing to be hoaxed, he was not right in detaining Chatterton's papers; and if he did this, not through negligence or inattention, but presuming on Chatterton's rank (as Chatterton himself believed and told him), his conduct was infamous. Be this as it may, his treatment of Chatterton, whilst living, was arrogant, supercilious, and with little or no sensibility to his claims as a man of genius; of Chatterton when dead, brutal and of inhuman hypocrisy, he himself being one of the few men in any century who had practised, at a mature age, that very sort of forgery which, in a boy of seventeen, he represented as unpardonable. Did he, or did he not, introduce his own *Castle of Otranto* as a translation from an Italian MS. of one Onufrio Muralto? Do I complain of that masquerading? Not at all; but I say that the same indulgence which shelters Horace, Earl of Orford, justifies Chatterton." Walpole's own account of the transaction is, in some points, so

manifestly at variance with itself, that little is gained by an examination of it—merely a lower opinion of its writer.

Although mortified by this failure, doubly galling to his pride, Chatterton still continued his literary labours, and became a contributor to the *Town and Country Magazine*, and other London periodicals, the editors of which, though liberal with their thanks, were not so with their payments. This was unsatisfactory, and he thought if he could get to London, and obtain the *entrée* to the literary circles, he would be able to gain that fame and position he desired.

He had, about this time, become very depressed, and in matters of religion openly avowed himself a sceptic. Possessing no adequate moral training to fit him to battle with the demons of unbelief that assail every active mind, with no paternal hand to guide his footsteps on the slippery path, with no congenial friend of whom to seek advice when doubts assailed, endowed with all

“ . . . the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,”

we cannot wonder that he went astray.

London was now his goal, and he determined to frighten Lambert into cancelling his indentures. With this purpose in view he prepared a document, which he called “The Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton,” stating his intention of committing suicide the following day. This having fallen into Lambert’s

hands, he was much alarmed, and earnestly besought his apprentice to give over the thought of self-destruction ; but deeming it imprudent to retain a clerk thus disposed, he at once released him from his engagement. "The Last Will and Testament" thus accomplished its purpose, and Thomas Chatterton set out for London on the 24th April 1770.

His friends had raised a subscription of a few pounds for him, and on this he hoped to subsist till he obtained work from the booksellers. Among the editors with whom he had corresponded, and from whom he expected work, were—Hamilton, of the *Town and Country Magazine* ; Fell, of the *Freehold* ; Dodsley, to whom he had written about "Ælla ;" and Edmunds, a printer to the "patriotic" party, the opposition of that day, with its cry of "Wilkes and Liberty." He went to lodge with a Mrs. Ballance, some relation or another, in Shore-ditch, and the morning after his arrival he wrote to his mother—"Here I am, safe, and in high spirits. Called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them ; all approved of my design ; shall soon be settled." His own letters are the only existing account we have of his life in London, and they show how bravely he struggled against adversity and made the best of his misfortunes. Writing again to his mother, he says—"The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers. Without this necessary knowledge, the

greatest genius may starve ; and with it, the greatest dunce live in splendour."

"The greatest genius may starve"—how grimly prophetic the words ! His chief work was writing political articles and songs for the Ranelagh Gardens, but the remuneration was miserably inadequate—ten and sixpence for sixteen songs, as we find from an entry in his pocket-book. That his poverty might be less visible to his friends, he removed to 4 Brook Street, Holborn, but still continued writing his mother letters full of brightest hope and expectation. Some weeks before his death, at a time when he must have been suffering the pangs of hunger, we find him buying presents for his mother and sister with the scanty sum he had gained—a touching instance of his kindly affection and total indifference to self. His landlady, Mrs. Angel, a motherly woman, pitied the boy's condition, and once wished to return part of his rent, which he paid with punctuality, when, pushing the money from him and pointing to his forehead, he said, "I have that here which will get me more."

In August 1770 the end was drawing near. For a whole week he existed upon a single loaf, stale, that it might last the longer ; his face became wild and haggard, and his eyes burned with an unnatural brightness. Ill and starving, he went one day to the baker and asked for a loaf on credit ; it was refused, and on the way back, fixed in his resolve, he procured some arsenic from an apothecary with whom he was acquainted. Next day

he did not appear, but faint sounds were heard coming from his apartment. Then silence followed for a day and a night, till his room was broken open, when, lying upon the bed, a few bits of arsenic between his teeth, was found the body of the unfortunate boy.

Thus perished, aged seventeen years nine months, a poet whose life, short though it was, served to produce works, the influence of which, it is no exaggeration to say, is felt even in our contemporary poetry. What Chatterton might have been we can but conjecture. Says Emerson—"A meteor, shaking from its horrid hair all sorts of evils and disasters, may by-and-by take its place in the clear upper sky, and blend its light with all our day." Had Chatterton, then, instead of standing in the outer darkness, reached that literary Elysium of his desire; instead of the ignorant and shallow-minded, had his associates been men of learning and depth; there is little doubt but that he would have seen the beauty of virtue, and left for himself such a name as would have placed him high among our poets. As it is, we can but grieve that such a treasure-house of glorious possibilities should have closed ere we had viewed a tithe of its contents.

In speaking of Chatterton's poetry, let it be understood we do not include his pieces of a satirical or fugitive nature, thrown off probably at the request of a friend, with no thought that they would one day figure as part of his life's work. In his time the satirical school was not wholly dead Johnstone, Savage, and

Young, it is true, had ceased writing against the abuses of the age, but Churchill still continued his fiery invectives, and furnished a model for scores of inferior writers. Satire, besides, found a ready sale, and this of itself was enough to make Chatterton wing his "arrows of satiric song." Along with the decline of the satirical school there arose a wider interest in mediævalism and the romantic past. Chaucer and the earlier poets began to be the objects of scholarly investigation; Garrick began to restore the original texts of Shakespeare's plays for the stage; the publication in 1765 of Percy's *Reliques* gave an impetus to the movement; and there began to grow up a literature which concerned itself almost wholly with the past. The effect of this revival upon Chatterton is seen in the Rowley Poems.

This is not the place to enter into the question of their authenticity: the controversy is one which has long engaged both literary critics and linguistic specialists. The names of Tyrwhitt, Warton, Malone, and Skeat, to mention no others, are a sufficient guarantee that the inquiry was able and scholarly; and it is now placed beyond doubt that the author of the Rowley Poems was none other than Thomas Chatterton. Of course people still arise, and will continue to arise, who believe in the authenticity of the MSS., just as there are people who will persist in believing Chatterton mad. Some, while not denying the spurious nature of the majority of the MSS., are inclined to think that he may have discovered some writings, and, tempted by his

knowledge of antiquities, may have added to them. But this is untenable; the fact that he forged *some* of the MSS. is a very strong proof of the counterfeit nature of the rest.

Hitherto the Rowley Poems have been nearly inaccessible to the general reader; and this is doubtless to be accounted for by "the very indifferent spelling," such as Charles Lamb's friend noticed on looking over Chaucer. In this volume an attempt has been made to modernise some of the most admired pieces, and to clear away a few of the difficulties that formerly attended a casual reading. The original has been followed as closely as possible; many of the old forms are of necessity allowed to remain; but explanations, mostly from the glossary that Chatterton himself compiled, are added where the word is obsolete or coined.

In Chatterton's true poetry, as distinguished from his fugitive and occasional work, the two pre-eminent qualities are genius and imagination. If any mortal ever possessed genius—that divine mirage so inexplicably elusive—it was Chatterton; and, as in Byron's case, it must cover a multitude of sins. Artificial and affected as much of his work is, there can still be discerned in it the artistic power of the true poet; and had he written nothing else, "The Balade of Charitie" alone would have rescued his name from oblivion.

Chatterton's second great attribute—imagination—is more readily approachable. Its functions, to quote Mr. Ruskin, are "to empower us to traverse the scenes of

all other history, and force the facts to become again visible, so as to make upon us the same impression which they would have made if we had witnessed them ; and in the minor necessities of life, to enable us out of any present good to gather the utmost measure of enjoyment, by investing it with happy associations, and in any present evil, to lighten it, by summoning back the images of other hours." Does not he well merit our praises who brings back to us the glory and colour of bye-gone days—"beauties that the earth hath lost"—as Chatterton has done ? He has realised for us the mediæval life, as Keats has realised the Hellenic ; his work is steeped in the spirit of the old romance ; his pages teem with dazzling colour and glint of polished armour ; gallant knights and noble dames throng his stately castles ; the gay crowd of the tourney-field is presented to us in all its brightness ; and though the picture be dashed with blood, it but tends to intensify our impression of the days when might was right, and chivalry held sway.

No poet—not even Coleridge—was ever so imbued with the romantic spirit ; and, without giving him more than his due, we must acknowledge Chatterton to be the founder of the modern romantic school of poetry. That Coleridge was influenced to a considerable extent by Chatterton is patent to everyone, and that he was deeply impressed by the fate of the younger poet is also evident, for thus he writes :—

"Yet oft perforce ('tis suffering Nature's call)
I weep, that heaven-born Genius so should fall ;
That oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul
Averted shudders at the poisoned bowl.
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view
Thy corse of livid hue ;
Now indignation checks the feeble sigh,
Or flashes through the tear that glistens in mine eye."

Coleridge, in turn, exercised a considerable influence on Keats and Shelley, and from these our contemporary poetry has to a great extent received its character, till now, in the works of such men as D. G. Rossetti, we recognise the survival of that romantic spirit that had its rise in Chatterton. His poetry was, moreover, the result of a combination of circumstances ; it was the natural reaction from the classical and elaborate style of Gray, then fashionable. *Poeta nascitur* NEO NON fit. The time was peculiarly ripe for a poet such as Chatterton, from whose honour this in no way detracts ; for, as it takes three generations to make a gentleman, so does it take centuries to make a poet.

To try and ascertain the character of Chatterton from his works were as vain as to study Shakespeare with a like object. We cannot trace his personality : in vain do we rub the ring ; the genius stubbornly refuses to appear. He belongs to the objective order of poets ; his mind is creative rather than reflective. This power of concealing, or effacing, his own identity, while still preserving a thorough sympathy with the character he is delineating, is specially surprising in one so

young, as the works of youthful poets are, as a rule, the records of their individual impressions. This but shows how vain it is to judge Chatterton's work by the common standard, and how difficult it is to judge by any.

Proceeding to the form in which he casts his productions, we find a wealth of lyric invention in his works. No one knew better than he that in lyric poetry form was of the utmost importance, and if, in some cases, his matter is not above the commonplace, the form goes far to redeem it. His experiments in arrangement led him to a most successful invention, and one which has been of great service to succeeding poets—that of the lyric octo-syllabic movement. With its measured beat Cole-ridge has varied the tale of “the lovely lady, Christabel;” it was adopted by Scott in “The Lay of the Last Minstrel;” and, finally, was appropriated by Byron.

Chatterton's ballads are in a simple, unaffected style that recalls “Chevy Chase,” or “The Nut-Brown Maid,” though they lack the weird, beautiful power that gives the charm to “The Ancient Mariner,” “La Belle Dame sans Merci,” and “Kilmeny.” In the “Balade of Charitie”—“the most purely artistic work, perhaps, of its time,” says Mr. Theodore Watts—we see Chatterton at his best. Evincing deep love of nature and active observation, it is a perfect example of word-painting; and such is the beauty of the accessories that we are in danger of losing sight of the central idea in the poem—

the same that ages before inspired the parable of the Good Samaritan.

“Oh! what a power hath white simplicity,” sang Keats, and here, if anywhere, we may see it. Even Chaucer, whom the theme and treatment at once suggest, has scarcely ever surpassed this ballad for tender freshness and simple directness. “The Bristowe Tragedy” is of a more stirring nature; but the same artistic perception, the same contrast between base and noble character, can again be seen.

That Chatterton’s work is very unequal cannot be denied, but it will bear and justify investigation, and a study of his poetry will do much to raise him to that position he ought to occupy in our esteem. Although the form of the Rowley Poems gives them an old-world aroma specially advantageous to romantic poetry, they lose little of their attractiveness when modernised, and are greatly superior to the majority of his acknowledged works. As Professor Skeat says, in his excellent essay on the Rowley Manuscripts, it is not the form that is difficult to supply, but the matter. This fact has furnished the partisans of Rowley with the argument that Chatterton cannot have been the writer, since his productions are greatly inferior to those he discovered. Chatterton’s plan, however, was to write his compositions first in ordinary English, then, by the aid of Bailey’s dictionary and a Chaucer glossary, to change the spelling, substitute equivalent words and phrases of an obsolete character, and thus transform them into fifteenth-century

MSS. It is evident that, as his deception began to develop, he would throw all the energy he possessed into his compositions, in order to secure a fitting welcome for—

“the young-eyed Poesy,
All deftly masked as hoar Antiquity.”

Chatterton had a loving disposition, but was of a proud and independent spirit. He is generally represented as temperate, though some have endeavoured to establish the contrary. Studious he must have been, and possessed of great powers of self-restraint, his favourite saying being, that a man by abstinence and perseverance might accomplish whatever he wished. His life's desire was literary fame, and it was only equalled by his love of effect, which led him to weigh his actions by their probable result upon others—a practice, no doubt, responsible for the conflicting nature of the testimony regarding him.

To him life was “a Fury slinging flame,” and even in death he was scarcely permitted to rest. An inquest was held upon his body, the usual verdict of insanity returned, and on the 28th August he was interred as a pauper in the burial-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse. Some time afterwards the place was torn up and converted into a market. There is a story existing, however, which it is pleasing to believe, and which is quite as well authenticated as some statements more strongly insisted upon in his “strange eventful history,”

that his mother was enabled to remove his body to his native city ; and there, in the shade of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which he had so often peopled with the creations of his fancy, his dust at length was laid to rest. And now—

“ He has outsoar’d the shadow of our night :
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again ;
From the contagion of the world’s slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;
Nor, when the spirit’s self had ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.’

JOHN RICHMOND.

Cambuslang, Glasgow.



Chatterton's Poetical Works.

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

(WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.)

ALMIGHTY FRAMER of the skies !
Oh, let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in Thy sight !
Wrapt in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls were made,
Till Thy command gave light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd, the ray
Refined the darkness into day,
And bid the vapours fly :
Impell'd by His eternal Love,
He left His palaces above
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day
When God appear'd in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn ;

When the Archangel's heavenly lays
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hailed salvation's morn !

A humble form the Godhead wore,
The pains of poverty He bore,
To gaudy pomp unknown :
Though in a human walk He trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all His own.

Despised, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor bade His vengeance rise ;
He saw the creatures He had made
Reville His power, His peace invade—
He saw with Mercy's eyes.

How shall we celebrate His Name,
Who groaned beneath a life of shame,
In all afflictions tried !
The soul is raptured to conceive
A truth which Being must believe,
The God eternal died.

My soul, exert thy powers—adore ;
Upon devotion's plumage soar
To celebrate the day :
The God from whom creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful tongue ;
From Him I'll catch the lay !

SLY DICK.

SHARP was the frost, the wind was high,
 And sparkling stars bedecked the sky,
 Sly Dick, in arts of cunning skilled,
 Whose rapine all his pockets filled,
 Had laid him down to take his rest,
 And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.
 'Twas thus a dark infernal sprite,
 A native of the blackest night,
 Portending mischief to devise,
 Upon Sly Dick he cast his eyes ;
 Then straight descends the infernal sprite,
 And in his chamber does alight ;
 In visions he before him stands,
 And his attention he commands.
 Thus spake the sprite,—“ Harken, my friend,
 And to my counsels now attend.
 Within the garret's spacious dome
 There lies a well-stored wealthy room,
 Well stored with cloth and stockings too,
 Which I suppose will do for you.
 First, from the cloth take thou a purse ;
 For thee it will not be the worse ;
 A noble purse rewards thy pains,
 A purse to hold thy filching gains ;
 Then for the stockings, let them reeve,
 And not a scrap behind thee leave ;
 Five bundles for a penny sell,
 And pence to thee will come pell-mell ;
 See it be done with speed and care.”
 Thus spake the sprite, and sunk in air.
 When, in the morn, with thoughts erect,
 Sly Dick did on his dream reflect—

Why, faith, thinks he, 'tis something too ;
 It might—perhaps—it might be true,
 I'll go and see. Away he hies,
 And to the garret quick he flies,
 Enters the room, cuts up the clothes,
 And after that reeves up the hose ;
 Then of the cloth he purses made—
 Purses to hold his filching trade.

* * * *Cætera desunt* * * *

APOSTATE WILL.

IN days of old, when Wesley's power
 Gathered new strength by every hour,
 Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
 Resolved his bargain should be made ;
 Then straight to Wesley he repairs,
 And puts on grave and solemn airs.
 Then thus the pious man address'd :
 " Good sir, I think your doctrine best ;
 Your servant will a Wesley be,
 Therefore the principles teach me."
 The preacher then instructions gave
 How he in this world should behave.
 He hears, assents, and gives a nod—
 Says every word's the word of God,
 Then, lifting his dissembling eyes,
 " How blessed is the sect ! " he cries ;
 " Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
 Shall make me from this sect retreat."
 He then his circumstance declared,
 How hardly with him matters fared,

Begg'd him next morning *for* to make
 A small collection for his sake.
 The preacher said, "Do not repine,
 The whole collection shall be thine."
 With looks demure, and cringing bows,
 About his business straight he goes.
 His outward acts were grave and prim,—
 The Methodist appeared in him ;
 But, be his outward what it will,
 His heart was an apostate's still.
 He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,
 And everywhere preach'd Wesley's name :
 He was a preacher, and what not,
 As long as money could be got ;
 He'd oft profess, with holy fire,
 "The labourer's worthy of his hire."
 It happened once upon a time,
 When all his works were in their prime,
 A noble place appear'd in view ;
 Then—to the Methodists, adieu !
 A Methodist no more he'll be,
 The Protestant's serve best for *he*.
 Then to the curate straight he ran,
 And thus address'd the reverend man :
 "I was a Methodist, 'tis true ;
 With penitence I turn to you.
 O that it were your bounteous will
 That I the vacant place might fill !
 With justice I'd myself acquit,
 Do everything that's right and fit."
 The curate straightway gave consent—
 To take the place he quickly went.
 Accordingly he took the place,
 And keeps it with dissembled grace.

NARVA AND MORED.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

RECITE the loves of Narva and Mored,
The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.
High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung :
In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind :
Ascends the mountain's brow, and measures round
The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground ;
Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly
Through the dark covering of the midnight sky ;
Whose arm directs the close embattled host,
And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast—
Chalma, whose excellence is known from far ;
From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar—
The guardian god of Afric and the isles,
Where Nature in her strongest vigour smiles ;
Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn
Bends with the nectar of the opening morn ;
Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
Creeps through the mead, and up the mountains shoot.
Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
Danced in the shadow of the mystic trees ;
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue :
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain ;
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain.
Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They course around, and lengthen as they go.

Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise
Far in the sacred regions of the skies,
Upon whose top the blackening tempest lowers,
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours—
Like the long clifty mountains which extend
From Lorbar's cave to where the nations end,
Which sink in darkness, thickening and obscure,
Impenetrable, mystic, and impure—
The flying terrors of the war advance,
And round the sacred oak repeat the dance.
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.
So when the splendour of the dying day
Darts the red lustre of the watery way ;
Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling brink,
The circling billows in wild eddies sink,
Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,
-Explores the palaces on Zira's coast,
-Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's ghost ;
Where the artificer in realms below
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow ;
From the young palm-tree spins the useful twine,
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.
Where the pale children of the feeble sun,
In search of gold, thro' every climate run :
From burning heat to freezing torments go,
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.
-Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
-The warriors circle the mysterious tree :
Till, spent with exercise, they spread around
Upon the opening blossoms of the ground.
The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,
And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

PRIESTESS.

Far from the burning sands of Calabar ;
Far from the lustre of the morning star ;
Far from the pleasure of the holy morn ;
Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn :
Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
Laid in the dust, and numbered with the dead.
Dear are their memories to us, and long,
Long shall their attributes be known in song.
Their lives were transient as the meadow flower—
Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
Chalma reward them in his gloomy cave,
And open all the prisons of the grave.
Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,
And living but to serve his god alone,
Narva was beauteous as the opening day,
When on the spangling waves the sunbeams play,
When the macaw, ascending to the sky,
Views the bright splendour with a steady eye.
Tall as the house of Chalma's dark retreat,
Compact and firm as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,
Completely beauteous as a summer's sun,
Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,
Through scented calamus and fragrant reeds,
Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed,
Lived the still sweeter flower, the young Mored.
Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell,
Soft as the moss where hissing adders dwell.
As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,
The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,
She saw and loved ; and Narva, too, forgot
His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.

Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
Burst from the breast and scorn'd confinement there.
Existence was a torment ! O my breast,
Can I find accents to unfold the rest ?
Locked in each other's arms, from Hyga's cave,
They plunged relentless to a watery grave ;
And falling, murmured to the powers above,
" Gods ! take our lives, unless we live to love."

HECCAR AND GAIRA.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

WHERE the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave,
Urging his thunders through the echoing cave ;
Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,
Drive the white currents thro' the spreading green ;
Where the loud tiger, pawing in his rage,
Bids the black archers of the wilds engage ;
Stretch'd on the sand two panting warriors lay,
In all the burning torments of the day ;
Their bloody javelins reek'd one living steam,
Their bows were broken at the roaring stream ;
Heccar, the chief of Jarra's fruitful hill,
Where the dark vapours nightly dews distil,
Saw Gaira, the companion of his soul,
Extended where loud Caigra's billows roll ;
Gaira, the king of warring archers found,
Where daily lightnings plough the sandy ground,
Where brooding tempests howl along the sky,
Where rising deserts whirl'd in circles fly.

HECCAR.

Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chase,
Swifter than hunted wolves they urge the race ;
Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,
Upon the plumage of macaws they fly.
Let us return, and strip the reeking slain,
Leaving the bodies on the burning plain.

GAIRA.

Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for blood—
'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood.
This javelin, oft in nobler quarrels tried,
Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.
Fast as the streaming rain, I pour'd the dart,
Hurling a whirlwind through the trembling heart ;
But now my lingering feet revenge denies,
Oh, could I throw my javelin from my eyes !

HECCAR.

When Gaira the united armies broke,
Death wing'd the arrow, Death impell'd the stroke.
See, piled in mountains, on the sanguine sand,
The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand.
Search the brown desert and the glossy green,
There are the trophies of thy valour seen.
The scatter'd bones, mantled in silver white,
Once animated, dared the force in fight.
The children of the wave, whose pallid race
Views the faint sun display a languid face,
From the red fury of thy justice fled,
Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.
Fear, with a sicken'd silver, tinged their hue ;
The guilty fear when vengeance is their due.

GAIRA.

Rouse not remembrance from her shadowy cell,
Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.
Cawna, O Cawna ! deck'd in sable charms,
What distant region holds thee from my arms ?
Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,
Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,
Majestic as the many-colour'd snake,
Trailing his glories thro' the blossom'd brake ;
Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,
Foaming thro' sandy wastes to Jaghir's shores ;
Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat lowering in the western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye ;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclined,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind :
Swift from the wood a prowling tiger came ;
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame ;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierced his rough armour, but escaped his heart ;
He fled, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,
I urged the furious flight with fatal haste ;
He fell, he died—spent in the fiery toil,
I stripped his carcass of the furry spoil,
And, as the varied spangles met my eye,
On this, I cried, shall my loved Cawna lie.
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey ;
Impell'd by love, I wing'd the airy way ;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain,
The pallid shadows of the azure waves
Had made my Cawna and my children slaves.

Reflection maddens to recall the hour
 The gods had giv'n me to the dæmon's power.
 The dusk slow vanished from the hated lawn,
 I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.
 There the full sails, expanded to the wind,
 Struck horror and distraction in my mind ;
 There Cawna, mingled with a worthless train,
 In common slavery drags the hated chain.
 Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage ?
 Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage ?
 In ever-reeking blood this javelin dyed,
 With vengeance shall be never satisfied ;
 I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead,
 And tinge the lily of their features red.

HECCAR.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
 Roughly salute my ear, enraged I'll fly,
 Send the sharp arrow quivering through the heart,
 Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart,
 Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke—
 Gaira and Vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

THE DEATH OF NICOU.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

ON Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide
 In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side ;
 And circling all the horrid mountain round,
 Rushes impetuous to the deep profound,

Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell,
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell—
There for awhile, in loud confusion hurl'd,
It crumbles mountains down, and shakes the world,
Till, borne upon the pinions of the air,
Through the rent earth the bursting waves appear ;
Fiercely propell'd, the whiten'd billows rise,
Break from the cavern, and ascend the skies ;
Then lost and conquer'd by superior force,
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course—
On Tiber's banks, where scarlet jasmines bloom,
And purple aloes shed a rich perfume ;
Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,
The reeking tigers find a cool retreat—
Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,
And wanton with their shadows in the stream—
On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests revered,
Where in the days of old a god appear'd,
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feast,
The tribe of Alra slept around the priest.
He spoke ; as evening thunders bursting near,
His horrid accents broke upon the ear :
" Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest !
This day the sun is rising in the east ;
The sun, which shall illumine all the earth,
Now, now is rising in a mortal birth."
He vanished like a vapour of the night,
And sunk away in a faint blaze of light.
Swift from the branches of the holy oak
Horror, confusion, fear, and torment broke ;
And still, when Midnight trims her mazy lamp,
They take their way through Tiber's watery swamp.
On Tiber's banks, close rank'd, a warring train,
Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain :

So, when arrived at Gaigra's highest steep,
We view the wide expansion of the deep,
See in the gilding of her watery robe
The quick declension of the circling globe,
From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
Blended at once with water and with skies,
Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.
Strong were the warriors, as the ghost of Cawn,
Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn ;
When the soft earth at his appearance fled,
And rising billows play'd around his head ;
When a strong tempest, rising from the main,
Dash'd the full clouds unbroken on the plain.
Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,
Held the red sword of war, and led the strong ;
From his own tribe the sable warriors came,
Well tried in battle, and well known in fame.
Nicou, descended from the god of war
Who lived coeval with the morning star ;
Narada was his name. Who cannot tell
How all the world through great Narada fell ?
Vichon, the god who ruled above the skies,
Looked on Narada, but with envious eyes :
The warrior dared him, ridiculed his might,
Bent his white bow, and summon'd him to fight.
Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly
And scatter'd burning arrows in the sky ;
Threw down a star, the armour of his feet,
To burn the air with supernatural heat ;
Bid a loud tempest roar beneath the ground ;
Lifted the sea, and all the earth was drowned.
Narada still escaped ; a sacred tree
Lifted him up, and bore him through the sea.

The waters still ascending fierce and high,
He tower'd into the chambers of the sky.
There Vichon sat, his armour on his bed ;
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
Before his seat the heavenly warrior stands,
The lightning quivering in his yellow hands.
The god, astonish'd, dropp'd : hurl'd from the shore,
He dropp'd to torments, and to rise no more.
Headlong he falls ; 'tis his own arms compel,
Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.
From this Narada mighty Nicou sprung—
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild, and young,
Who led th' embattled archers to the field,
And bore a thunderbolt upon his shield ;
That shield his glorious father died to gain,
When the white warriors fled along the plain,
When the full sails could not provoke the flood
Till Nicou came and swell'd the seas with blood.
Slow, at the end of his robust array,
The mighty warrior pensive took his way,
Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,
Once the companion of his youthful breast.
Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,
Strong as the tempest of the evening air ;
Insatiate in desire, fierce as the boar,
Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore.
Long had the gods endeavour'd to destroy
All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy.
They sought in vain, till Vicat, Vichon's son,
Never in feats of wickedness outdone,
Saw Nica, sister to the Mountain King,
Dress'd beautiful, with all the flowers of spring ;
He saw, and scatter'd poison in her eyes ;
From limb to limb in varied forms he flies,

Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace
 To every glossy feature of her face.
 Rorest was fired with passion at the sight.
 Friendship and honour sunk to Vicat's right :
 He saw, he loved, and, burning with desire,
 Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, sire.
 Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,
 Like a fair aloe in its morning pride.
 This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
 And sent to young Rorest the threatening reed.
 He drew his army forth. Oh, need I tell
 That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell !
 His breathless army mantled all the plain,
 And Death sat smiling on the heaps of slain.
 The battle ended, with his reeking dart
 The pensive Nicou pierced his beating heart ;
 And to his mourning valiant warriors cried,
 " I and my sister's ghost are satisfied."

THE ADVICE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M—— R—— OF BRISTOL.

REVOLVING in their destined sphere,
 The hours begin another year
 As rapidly to fly ;
 Ah ! think, Maria (ere in grey
 Those auburn tresses fade away)
 So youth and beauty die.

Though now the captivated throng
 Adore with flattery and song,
 And all before you bow ;

Whilst, unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble Muse complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow :

Though poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the Nine,
Still violates your name ;
Though tales of passion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold,
Strive to confess a flame.

Yet, when that bloom, and dancing fire,
In silvered rev'rence shall expire,
Aged, wrinkled, and defaced ;
To keep one lover's flame alive
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

Though rapture wantons in your air,
Though beyond simile you're fair,
Free, affable, serene ;
Yet still one attribute divine
Should in your composition shine—
Sincerity I mean.

Though numerous swains before you fall,
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require.
How momentary are their chains !
Like you, how unsincere the strains
Of those who but admire !

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see
Maria can be true :

No more for fools or empty beaux,
Heaven's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
And meet his generous breast ;
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His muse, with tatter'd fragments graced,
Shall read your cares to rest.

COLIN INSTRUCTED.

YOUNG Colin was as stout a boy
As ever gave a maiden joy ;
But long in vain he told his tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

" Ah why," the whining shepherd cried,
" Am I alone your smiles denied ?
I only tell in vain my tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale."

" True, Colin," said the laughing dame,
" You only whimper out your flame ;
Others do more than sigh their tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale."

He took the hint, etc.

SONG.—FANNY OF THE HILL.

IF gentle Love's immortal fire
Could animate the quill,
Soon should the rapture-speaking lyre
Sing Fanny of the Hill.

My panting heart incessant moves,
No interval 'tis still ;
And all my ravish'd nature loves
Sweet Fanny of the Hill.

Her dying, soft, expressive eye,
Her elegance must kill :
Ye Gods ! how many thousands die
For Fanny of the Hill.

A love-taught tongue, angelic air,
A sentiment, a skill
In all the graces of the fair,
Mark Fanny of the Hill.

Thou mighty Power, eternal Fate,
My happiness to fill,
Oh, bless a wretched lover's state
With Fanny of the Hill.

FEBRUARY.—AN ELEGY.

BEGIN, my Muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string ;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins, sing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line
The bounding hail or drilling rain descend,
Come, brooding Melancholy, power divine,
And every unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough Goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold Wat'rer twirls his circling mop :
Swift, sudden anguish darts through altering corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, maddening for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,
And proudly glitter in a title-page.

Now, wrapped in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace
Defies the fury of the howling storm ;
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcass warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majesty of city dames,
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a Highlander appears,
And, conscious of the excellence of lace,
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares.

Whilst Envy, on a tripod seated nigh,
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valued fruit,
And, darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute.

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen ;
Or sabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects,
And leaves untouched the image of the mind :
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,
And pit, box, gallery echo, "How divine !"
Whilst, versed in all the drama's mystic laws,
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—but what further can the Muses sing ?
Now dropping particles of water fall ;
Now vapours, riding on the north wind's wing,
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas ! how joyless the descriptive theme,
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys ;
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,
Devours the substance of the lessening bays.

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky—
There teach the wintered muse with clouds to soar :
Come, February, lift the number high ;
Let the sharp strain like wind through alleys roar.

Ye channels, wandering through the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along ;
With inundations wet the sabled feet,
Whilst gouts, responsive, join th' elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill
Sound through meandering folds of Echo's horn,
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still ;
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O Winter ! put away thy snowy pride ;
O Spring ! neglect the cowslip and the bell ;
O Summer ! throw thy pears and plums aside ;
O Autumn ! bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more !
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies ;
Earth, Ocean, Heav'n, the wondrous loss deplore,
The dregs of nature with her glory dies.

What iron stoic can suppress the tear !
What sour reviewer reads with vacant eye
What bard but decks his literary bier !
Alas ! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry !

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

THE sun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intensely burns ;
Impell'd the forcive air, our earth supreme,
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam ;
First Mercury completes his transient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare ;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day ;
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns ;

Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night ;
On the earth's orbit see the various signs
Mark where the sun, our year completing, shines ;
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves ;
Next, glaring watery, through the Bull he moves ;
The amorous Twins admit his genial ray ;
Now burning, through the Crab he takes his way ;
The Lion, flaming, bears the solar power ;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now the just Balance weighs his equal force ;
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course ;
The sable Archer clouds his languid face ;
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race :
Now in the Waterer his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.
Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primeval rays ;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlightened with the solar beams :
With four unfixed receptacles of light
He towers majestic through the spacious height ;
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags ;
Investing with a double ring his pace,
He circles through immensity of space.

These are Thy wondrous works, First Source of Good !
Now more admired in being understood.

THE CONSULIAD.

A MOCK HEROIC POEM.

OF roaring constables and battles dire,
Of geese uneaten, Muse, awake the lyre !
Where Campbell's chimneys overlook the square,
And Newton's future prospects hang in air ;
Where counsellors dispute, and cockers match,
And Caledonian earls in concert scratch—
A group of heroes occupied the round,
Long in the rolls of infamy renowned.
Circling the table, all in silence sat,
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat ;
Now picking ortolans and chickens, slain
To form the whimsies of an *à-la-reine* :
Now storming castles of the newest taste,
And granting articles to forts of paste ;
Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer ;
Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer.
The god of cabinets and senates saw -
His sons, like asses, to one centre draw.
Inflated Discord heard, and left her cell,
With all the horrors of her native hell.
She on the soaring wings of genius fled,
And waved the pen of Junius round her head.
Beneath the table, veil'd from sight, she sprung,
And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue.
Twitcher, superior to the venal pack
Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack—
Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,
Whose interest winds his conscience as his clock ;
Whose attributes detestable have long
Been evident, and infamous in song.

A toast's demanded ! Madoc swift arose.
Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes :
His sanguine fork a murdered pigeon pressed,
His knife with deep incision sought the breast.
Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
And too much expedition chained his tongue ;
When thus he sputtered—" All the glasses fill,
And toast the great Pendragon of the hill :
Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
From whom the royal blood of Madoc springs.
Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
You see the mighty monarch in his face ;
Madoc, in bagnios and in courts adored,
Demands this proper homage of the board."

" Monarchs !" said Twitcher, setting down his beer,
His muscles wreathing a contemptuous sneer ;
" Monarchs of molehills, oyster-beds, a rock—
These are the grafters of your royal stock !
My pony, Scrub, can sires more valiant trace——"
The mangled pigeon thunders on his face ;
His opening mouth the melted butter fills,
And, dropping from his nose and chin, distils.
Furious he started, rage his bosom warms ;
Loud as his Lordship's morning dun he storms.
" Thou vulgar imitator of the great,
Grown wanton with the excrements of state ;
This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends."
His shadow body to the table bends :
His straining arm uprears a loin of veal,
In these degenerate days for three a meal ;
In ancient times, as various writers say,
An alderman or priest ate three a day.

With godlike strength the grinning Twitcher plies
His stretching muscles, and the mountain flies.
Swift as a cloud that shadows o'er the plain,
It flew, and scatter'd drops of oily rain.
In opposition to extended knives,
On royal Madoc's spreading chest it drives ;
Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,
Pressed with the steamy load that oozed around.
And now Confusion spread her ghastly plume,
And Faction separates the noisy room.
Balluntun exercised in every vice
That opens to a courtier's paradise,
With Dyson trammell'd scruples not to draw
Injustice up the rocky hill of law ;
From whose humanity the laurels sprung
Which will in George's-Fields be ever young.
The vile Balluntun, starting from his chair,
To Fortune thus addressed his private prayer :
" Goddess of Fates' rotundity, assist
With thought-winged victory my untried fist :
If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn ;
Nine rioters shall bleed beneath thy feet,
And hanging cutters decorate the street."
The Goddess smiled, or rather smoothed her frown,
And shook the triple feathers of her crown ;
Instilled a private pension in his soul.
With rage inspired, he seized a Gallic roll :
His bursting arm the missive weapon threw—
High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew ;
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renowned,
Received it on his ear, and kissed the ground.
Curraras, versed in every little art,
To play the minister's or felon's part,

Grown hoary in the villainies of state,
A title made him infamously great ;
A slave to venal slaves—a tool to tools,
The representative to knaves and fools.
But see ! Commercial Bristol's genius sit,
Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit ;
See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,
In all the branching honours of the head—
Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,
With beef and venison their attention draws :
They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address—
Say, could their humble gratitudes do less ?
By disappointment vexed, Balluntun flies,
Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes.
Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,
And elevates for furious fight his hands :
One pointed fist his shadowed corpse defends,
The other on Balluntun's eyes descends :
A darkling, shaking light his optics view,
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
Now fired with anguish and inflamed with pride,
He thunders on his adversary's side,
With pattering blows prolongs th' unequal fight.
Twitcher retreats before the man of might.
But Fortune (or some higher Power, or god)
Oblique extended forth a sable rod :
As Twitcher retrograde maintained the fray,
The hardened serpent intercepts his way :
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,
Crushed into atoms the judicial chair.
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renowned,
Arose ; but, deafened with a singing sound,
A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows ;
Revenge in every bloody feature glows.

Around his head a roasted gander whirls,
Dropping Manilla sauces on his curls ;
Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies ;
The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes ;
His India waistcoat reeking with the oil,
Glows brighter red, the glory of the spoil.

The fight is general ; fowl repulses fowl ;
The victors thunder and the vanquished howl.
Stars, garters, all the implements of show,
That decked the powers above, disgraced below,
Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
For all were well acquainted with the law.
Let Drap—r, to improve his diction, fight ;
Our heroes, like Lord George, could scold and write
Gog Magog, early of the jockey club,
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorical tub,
A rusty link of ministerial chain,
A living glory of the present reign,
Versed in the arts of ammunition bread—
He waved a red wheat manchet round his head :
David ap Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung,
Occurred the object of his bursting ire,
And on his nose received the weapon dire :
A double river of congealing blood
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.
Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs *tore*,
When ladies scream and greasy butchers roar ;
Mad as B—rg—e, when groping through the park,
He kissed his own dear lady in the dark ;
The lineal representative of kings,
A carving weapon seized, and up he springs ;

A weapon long in cruel murders stained,
For mangling captive carcasses ordained.
But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,
To lay the rising scenes of horror still,
In Fero's person seized a shining pot,
Where bubbled scrips and contracts flaming hot,
In the fierce Cambrian's breeches drains it dry—
The chapel totters with the shrieking cry,
Loud as the mob's reiterated yell
When Sawny rose and mighty Chatham fell.

Flaccus, the glory of a masquerade,
Whose every action is of trifles made,
At Grafton's well-stored table ever found,
Like Grafton, too, for every vice renowned—
Grafton, to whose immortal sense we owe
The blood which will from civil discord flow ;
Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
Blind to the ripening vengeance of the axe—
Flaccus, the youthful, *degagée*, and gay,
With eye of pity saw the dreary fray ;
Amidst the greasy horrors of the fight
He trembled for his suit of virgin white.
Fond of his eloquence and easy flow
Of talk verbose, whose meaning none can know,
He mounts the table, but through eager haste,
His foot upon a smoking court pie placed ;
The burning liquid penetrates his shoe—
Swift from the rostrum the declaimer flew ;
But learnedly heroic, he disdains
To spoil his pretty countenance with strains.
Remounted on the table, now he stands,
Waves his high powdered-head and ruffled hands.

“Friends ! let this clang of hostile fury cease ;
Ill it becomes the plenipos of peace :
Shall olivos, for internal battle dressed,
Like bullets outward perforate the breast ?
Shall javelin bottles blood ethereal spill ?
Shall luscious turtle without surfeit kill ?”
More had he said, when from Doglostock flung,
A custard pudding trembled on his tongue ;
And, ah ! misfortunes seldom come alone,
Great Twitcher, rising, seized a polished bone ;
Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs—
Headlong he falls, propelled by thickening bangs.
The prince of trimmers for his magic famed—
Quarlendorgongos by infernals named,
By mortals Alavat in common styled—
Nursed in a furnace, Nox and Neptune’s child,
Bursting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
With crimson blood and weighty spirits fraught ;
To Doxo’s head the gurgling woe he sends—
Doxo made mighty in his mighty friends.
Upon his front the stubborn vessel sounds,
Back from his harder front the bottle bounds :
He fell. The royal Madoc rising up,
Reposed him weary on his painful crup ;
The head of Doxo, first projecting down,
Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian’s crown ;
The sanguine tumor swells ; again he falls ;
On his broad chest the bulky Doxo sprawls.
Tyro the sage, the sensible, the strong,
As yet unnoticed in the muse-taught song ;
Tyro, for necromancy far renowned,
A greater adept than Agrippa found ;
As oft his phantom reasons intervened,
De Vir is pensioned, the defaulter screened ;

Another C—rt—t remains in Cl— ;
In Fl—the—r fifty Jefferies appear—
Tyro stood neuter, till the champions, tired,
In languid attitudes a truce desired.
Long was the bloody fight : confusion dire
Has hid some circumstances from the lyre ;
Suffice it, that each hero kissed the ground,
Tyro excepted, for old laws renowned,
Who stretching his authoritative hand,
Loudly thus issued forth his dread command :
“ Peace, wrangling senators, and placemen, peace ;
In the King’s name, let hostile vengeance cease ! ”
Aghast the champions hear the furious sound,
The fallen unmolested leave the ground.
“ What fury, nobles, occupies your breast ?
What, patriot spirits, has your minds possessed ?
Nor honorary gifts nor pensions please,
Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees ?
How ? wist you not what ancient sages said—
‘ The council quarrels and the poor have bread.’
See this court-pie with twenty thousand dressed ;
Be every thought of enmity at rest :
Divide it, and be friends again,” he said.
The council-god returned, and Discord fled.

ACROSTIC ON MISS CLARKE.

SERAPHIC virgins of the tuneful choir,
Assist me to prepare the sounding lyre !
Like her I sing—soft, sensible, and fair—
Let the smooth numbers warble in the air.

Ye prudes, coquettes, and all the misled throng,
 Can Beauty, Virtue, Sense, demand the song?
 Look then on Clarke, and see them all unite—
 A beauteous pattern to the always-right.
 Rest here, my Muse, nor soar above thy sphere—
 Kings might pay adoration to the fair,
 Enchanting, full of joy, peerless in face and air!

TO A FRIEND.

[6th March 1768.

DEAR FRIEND—I have received both your favours. The Muse
 alone must tell my joy.]

O 'ERWHELM'D with pleasure at the joyful news,
 I strung the chorded shell, and woke the Muse.
 Begin, O servant of the sacred Nine,
 And echo joy through every nervous line;
 Bring down th' ethereal choir to aid the song;
 Let boundless raptures smoothly glide along.
 My Baker's well! Oh, words of sweet delight!
 Now, now, my Muse, soar up th' Olympic height.
 What wondrous numbers can the goddess find,
 To paint th' ecstatic raptures of my mind?
 I leave it to a goddess more divine,
 The beauteous Hoyland shall employ my line.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

SWEET are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid,
Sweet as the flowers in bloom of spring array'd ;
Those charming smiles thy beauteous face adorn,
As May's white blossoms gaily deck the thorn.

Then why, when mild good-nature basking lies
'Midst the soft radiance of thy melting eyes—
When my fond tongue would strive thy heart to move,
And tune its tones to every note of love—
Why do those smiles their native soil disown,
And (changed their movements) kill me in a frown ?

Yet, is it true, or is it dark despair
That fears you're cruel whilst it owns you fair ?
Oh, speak, dear Hoyland ! speak my certain fate,
Thy love enrapturing or thy constant hate.
If death's dire sentence hangs upon thy tongue,
E'en death were better than suspense so long.

TO THE BEAUTEOUS MISS HOYLAND.

FAR distant from Britannia's lofty isle,
What shall I find to make the genius smile ?
The bubbling fountains lose the power to please,
The rocky cataracts, the shady trees,
The juicy fruitage of enchanting hue,
Whose luscious virtues England never knew ;
The variegated daughters of the land,
Whose numbers Flora strews with bounteous hand,

The verdant vesture of the smiling fields,
 All the rich pleasures Nature's storehouse yields,
 Have all their powers to wake the chorded string ;
 But still they're subjects that the Muse can sing.
 Hoyland, more beauteous than the God of Day,
 Her name can quicken and awake the lay,
 Rouse the soft Muse from indolence and ease,
 To live, to love, and rouse her powers to please.
 In vain would Phœbus, did not Hoyland rise :
 'Tis her bright eyes that gild the Eastern skies ;
 'Tis she alone deprives us of the light ;
 And when she slumbers, then indeed 'tis night.
 To tell the separate beauties of her face
 Would stretch eternity's remotest space,
 And want a more than man to pen the line.
 I rest—let this suffice, dear Hoyland's all divine.

ODE TO MISS HOYLAND.

A MIDST the wild and dreary dells,
 The distant echo-giving bells,
 The bending mountain's head—
 Whilst Evening, moving through the sky,
 Over the object and the eye
 Her pitchy robes doth spread—

There, gently moving through the vale,
 Bending before the blustering gale,
 Fell apparitions glide ;
 Whilst roaring rivers echo round,
 The drear reverberating sound
 Runs through the mountain side.

Then steal I softly to the grove,
 And singing of the nymph I love,
 Sigh out my sad complaint.
 To paint the tortures of my mind,
 Where can the Muses numbers find ?
 Ah ! numbers are too faint.

Ah ! Hoyland, empress of my heart,
 When will thy breast admit the dart,
 And own a mutual flame ?
 When, wandering in the myrtle groves,
 Shall mutual pleasures seal our loves—
 Pleasures without a name ?

Thou greatest beauty of the sex,
 When will the little god perplex
 The mansions of thy breast ?
 When wilt thou own a flame as pure
 As that seraphic souls endure,
 And make thy Baker blest ?

Oh haste to give my passion ease,
 And bid the perturbation cease
 That harrows up my soul !
 The joy such happiness to find,
 Would make the functions of my mind
 In peace and love to roll.

ACROSTIC ON MISS HOYLAND.

ENCHANTING is the mighty power of love ;
 Life stript of amorous joys would irksome prove ;
 E'en Heaven's great Thunderer wore the easy chain,
 And over all the world Love keeps his reign.

No human heart can bear the piercing blade,
Or I than others am more tender made.
Right through my heart a burning arrow drove,
Hoyland's bright eyes were made the bows of Love.
O torture inexpressively severe !
You are the pleasing author of my care.
Look down, fair angel, on a swain distressed,
A gracious smile from you would make me blessed.
Nothing but that blessed favour stills my grief—
Death, that denied, will quickly give relief.

TO MISS HOYLAND

GO, gentle Muse, and to my fair one say,
My ardent passion mocks the feeble lay ;
That Love's pure flame my panting breast inspires,
And Friendship warms me with her chaster fires.
Yes, more my fond esteem, my matchless love,
Than the soft turtle's cooing in the grove ;
More than the lark delights to mount the sky,
Then sinking on the greensward soft to lie ;
More than the bird of eve, at close of day,
To pour in solemn solitude her lay ;
More than grave Camplin,* with his deep-toned note,
To mouth the sacred service got by rote ;
More than sage Catcott† does his storm of rain,
Sprung from the abyss of his eccentric brain ;
Or than his wild-antique and sputtering brother
Loves in his ale-house chair to drink and pother ;

* John Camplin, M.A., Preceptor of Bristol.

† The Rev. M. Catcott, author of a book on the Deluge.

More than soft Lewis,* that sweet pretty thing,
Loves in the pulpit to display his ring ;
More than frail mortals love a brother sinner,
And more than Bristol aldermen their dinner
(When full four pounds of the well-fattened haunch
In twenty mouthfuls fill the greedy paunch).

If these true strains can thy dear bosom move,
Let thy soft blushes speak a mutual love ;
But if thy purpose settles in disdain,
Speak my dread fate, and bless thy favourite swain.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

ONCE more the Muse to beauteous Hoyland sings ;
Her grateful tribute of harsh numbers brings
To Hoyland ! Nature's richest, sweetest store,
She made an Hoyland, and can make no more.
Nor all the beauties of the world's vast round
United, will as sweet as her be found.
Description sickens to rehearse her praise—
Her worth alone will deify my days.
Enchanting creature ! charms so great as thine
May all the beauties of the day outshine.
Thy eyes to every gazer send a dart,
Thy taking graces captivate the heart.
Oh for a Muse that shall ascend the skies,
And like the subject of the epode rise,
To sing the sparkling eye, the portly grace,
The thousand beauties that adorn the face

* Mr. Lewis was a dissenting preacher in Bristol.

Of my seraphic maid, whose beauteous charms
 Might court the world to rush at once to arms ;
 Whilst the fair goddess, native of the skies,
 Shall sit above, and be the victor's prize.
 Oh now, whilst yet I sound the tuneful lyre,
 I feel the thrilling joy her hands inspire ;
 When the soft, tender touch awakes my blood,
 And rolls my passions with the purple flood.
 My pulse beats high ; my throbbing breast's on fire
 In sad variety of wild desire.
 O Hoyland ! heavenly goddess ! angel—saint !
 Words are too weak thy mighty worth to paint ;
 Thou best, completest work that Nature made,
 Thou art my substance and I am thy shade.
 Possessed of thee, I joyfully would go
 Through the loud tempest and the depth of woe.
 From thee alone my being I derive—
 One beauteous smile from thee makes all my hopes
 alive.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

SINCE short the busy scene of life will prove,
 Let us, my Hoyland, learn to live and love ;
 To love with passions pure as morning light,
 Whose saffron beams, unsullied by the night,
 With rosy mantles do the heavens streak,
 Faint imitators of my Hoyland's cheek.
 The joys of Nature in her ruined state
 Have little pleasure, though the pains are great :
 Virtue and Love, when sacred bands unite,
 'Tis then that Nature leads to true delight.

Oft as I wander through the myrtle grove,
Bearing the beauteous burden of my love,
A secret terror, lest I should offend
The charming maid on whom my joys depend,
Informs my soul, that virtuous minds alone
Can give a pleasure to the vile unknown.
But when the body charming, and the mind
To every virtuous Christian act inclined,
Meet in one person, maid and angel join,
Who must it be, but Hoyland the divine ?
What worth intrinsic will that man possess
Whom the dear charmer condescends to bless ?
Swift will the minutes roll, the flying hours,
And blessings overtake the pair by showers ;
Each moment will improve upon the past,
And every day be better than the last.
Love means an unadulterated flame,
Though lust too oft usurps the sacred name—
Such passion as in Hoyland's breast can move,
'Tis that alone deserves the name of Love.
Oh, were my merit great enough to find
A favoured station in my Hoyland's mind,
Then would my happiness be quite complete,
And all revolving joys as in a centre meet.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

TELL me, god of soft desires.
Little Cupid, wanton boy,
How thou kindest up thy fires,
Giving pleasing pain and joy ?

Hoyland's beauty is thy bow,
 Striking glances are thy darts :
 Making conquests never slow,
 Ever gaining conquered hearts.

Heaven is seated in her smile,
 Juno's in her portly air ;
 Not Britannia's favourite isle
 Can produce a nymph so fair.

In a desert vast and drear,
 Where disorder springs around,
 If the lovely fair is there,
 'Tis a pleasure-giving ground.

Oh my Hoyland ! blest with thee,
 I'd the raging storm defy :
 In thy smiles I live, am free ;
 When thou frownest I must die.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

WITH A PRESENT.

A CCEPT, fair nymph, this token of my love,
 Nor look disdainful on the prostrate swain :
 By every sacred oath, I'll constant prove,
 And act as worthy *for* to wear your chain.

Not with more constant ardour shall the sun
 Chase the faint shadows of the night away ;
 Nor shall he on his course more constant run,
 And cheer the universe with coming day,

Than I, in pleasing chains of conquest bound,
Adore the charming author of my smart ;—
For ever will I thy sweet charms resound,
And paint the fair possessor of my heart.

TO MISS CLARKE.

TO sing of Clarke my Muse aspires—
A theme by charms made quite divine ;
Ye tuneful Virgins, sound your lyres ;
Apollo, aid the feeble line.

If truth and virtue, wit and charms,
May for a fixed attention call,
The darts of Love and wounding arms—
The beauteous Clarke shall hold o'er all.

'Tis not the tincture of the skin,
'The rosy lip, the charming eye ;
No, 'tis a greater power within
That bids the passion never die.

These Clarke possesses, and much more—
All beauty in her glances sport ;
She is the goddess all adore
In country, city, and at court.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

COUNT all the flowers that deck the meadow's side,
 When Flora flourishes in new-born pride ;
 Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky ;
 Count all the birds that through the ether fly ;
 Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,
 That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze ;
 Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass ;
 Count all the drops of rain that softly pass
 Through the blue ether or tempestuous roar ;
 Count all the sands upon the breaking shore ;
 Count all the minutes since the world began ;
 Count all the troubles of the life of man ;
 Count all the torments of the d——d in hell—
 More are the beauteous charms that make my nymph
 excel.

A SONG

ADDRESSED TO MISS C——AM, OF BRISTOL.

AS Spring now approaches with all his gay train,
 And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
 Come, then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
 Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
 Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
 Our thoughts and ideas are never refined,
 And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul ;
The frosts of our judgments may check, not control ;
In spite of each hindrance, the spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial by Heaven was design'd
The only fix'd means of improving the mind ;
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then, come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame
Which polishes nature, and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast—
I leave your good-nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flowerets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me ?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah ! what are the beauties, the glories of spring ?
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

FRAGMENT.

I NTEREST, thou universal God of men !
Wait on the couplet and reprove the pen ;
If aught unwelcome to thy ears shall rise,
Hold jails and famine to the poet's eyes ;

Bid satire sheath her sharp avenging steel,
And lose a number rather than a meal.
Nay, prithee, honour, do not make us mad,
When I am hungry something must be had.
Can honest consciousness of doing right
Provide a dinner or a bed at night ?
What though Astrea decks my soul in gold,
My mortal lumber trembles with the cold ;
Then, curs'd tormentor of my peace begone !
Flattery's a cloak, and I will put it on.

In a low cottage shaking with the wind,
A door in front, a span of light behind,
Tervono's lungs their mystic play began,
And nature in the infant marked the man.
Six times the youth of morn, the golden sun,
Through the twelve stages of his course had run,
Tervono rose, the merchant of the plain,
His soul was traffic, his Elysium gain ;
The ragged chapman found his word a law,
And lost in barter every favourite taw.
Through various scenes Tervono still ascends,
And still is making, still forgetting friends ;
Full of this maxim, often heard in trade,
Friendship with none but equals should be made.
His soul is all the merchant. None can find
The shadow of a virtue in his mind.
Nor are his vices reason misapplied ;
Mean as his spirit, sneaking as his pride.
At city dinner or a turtle feast
As expeditious as a hungry priest,
No foe to Bacchanalian brutal rites,
In vile confusion dozing off the nights.
Tervono would be flattered ; shall I then
In stigmatising satire shake the pen ?

Muse, for his brow the laurel wreath prepare,
 Though soon 'twill wither when 'tis planted there.
 Come, Panegyric ; Adulation, haste,
 And sing this wonder of mercantile taste ;
 And whilst his virtue rises in my lines,
 The patron's happy and the poet dines.
 Some, philosophically cased in steel,
 Can neither poverty nor hunger feel ;
 But that is not my case : the Muses know
 What water-gruel stuff from Phœbus flow.
 Then if the rage of satire seize my brain,
 May none but brother poets meet the strain ;
 May bulky aldermen nor vicars rise,
 Hung in terrorem to their brothers' eyes ;
 When lost in trance by Gospel or by law,
 In to their inward room the senses draw ;
 There, as they snore in consultation deep,
 Are by the vulgar reckoned fast asleep.

AN ELEGY

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED DEATH OF WILLIAM BECKFORD,
 ESQ., LATE LORD MAYOR OF AND REPRESENTATIVE
 IN PARLIAMENT FOR THE CITY OF LONDON.

I.

WEEP on, ye Britons ! give your general Tear ;
 But hence, ye venal—hence each titled Slave !
 An honest pang should wait on Beckford's Bier,
 And patriot Anguish mark the Patriot's Grave.

II.

When like the Roman to his Field retired,
'Twas you (surrounded by unnumbered Foes)
Who called him forth, his Services required,
And took from Age the Blessing of Repose.

III.

With soul impelled by Virtue's sacred Flame,
To stem the Torrent of corruption's Tide,
He came, heaven-fraught with Liberty ! he came,
And nobly in his Country's Service died.

IV.

In the last awful, the departing Hour,
When life's poor Lamp more faint and fainter grew ;
As Memory feebly exercised her power,
He only felt for Liberty and you.

V.

He viewed Death's Arrow with a Christian Eye,
With firmness only to a Christian known ;
And nobly gave your Miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own.

VI.

Thou breathing Sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his Laurel everlasting Bloom ;
Record his worth while Gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his Tomb.

VII.

The Sword of Justice cautiously he swayed,
His hand for ever held the balance right ;

Each venial Fault with Pity he surveyed,
But MURDER found no MERCY in his sight.

VIII.

He knew, when flatterers besiege a Throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a Monarch's ear ;
Knew, IF OPPRESSED A LOYAL PEOPLE GROAN,
'Tis not the COURTIER'S Interest HE SHOULD HEAR.

IX.

Hence, honest to his Prince, his manly Tongue
The PUBLIC WRONG and LOYALTY conveyed,
While TITLED TREMBLERS, every Nerve unstrung,
Looked all around, confounded and dismayed ;

X.

Looked all around, astonished to behold
(Trained up to Flattery from their early Youth)
AN ARTLESS, FEARLESS Citizen unfold
To ROYAL Ears a MORTIFYING Truth.

XI.

Titles to him no pleasures could impart,
No bribes his rigid Virtue could controul ;
The Star could never gain upon his Heart,
Nor turn the tide of Honour in his soul.

XII.

For this his Name our History shall adorn,
Shall soar on Fame's wide pinions all sublime,
Till Heaven's own bright and never-dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of Time.

XIII.

Far other Fate the Venal Crew shall find,
Who sigh for pomp, or languish after strings ;
And sell their native probity of mind,
For Bribes from Statesmen, or for Smiles from Kings

XIV.

And here a long inglorious list of names
On my disturb'd Imagination crowd ;
“ O ! let them perish ” (loud the muse exclaims),
“ Consign'd for ever to oblivion's cloud.

XV.

“ White be the page that celebrates his Fame,
Nor let one mark of infamy appear ;
Let not the Villain's mingle with his name,
Let Indignation stop the swelling Tear.

XVI.

“ The swelling Tear should plenteous descend,
The deluged Eye should give the Heart relief ;
Humanity should melt for nature's Friend,
In all the richest luxury of Grief.”

XVII.

He, as a Planet with unceasing Ray,
Is seen in one unvaried course to move,
Through Life pursued, but one illustrious Way,
And all his orbit was his Country's Love.

XVIII.

But he is gone !—And now, alas ! no more
His generous Hand neglected Worth redeems

No more around his mansion shall the Poor
Bask in his warm, his charitable Beams.

XIX.

No more his grateful countrymen shall hear
His manly voice, in martyr'd freedom's cause ;
No more the courtly sycophant shall fear
His poignant Lash for violated Laws.

XX.

Yet say, STERN VIRTUE, who'd not wish to die
Thus greatly struggling, a whole land to save ?
Who would not wish, with ardour wish to lie,
With *Beckford's* Honour, in a *Beckford's* Grave ?

XXI.

Not Honour, such as Princes can bestow,
Whose breath a Reptile to a Lord can raise ;
But far the brightest honour here below,
A grateful nation's unabating praise.

XXII.

But see ! where LIBERTY, on yonder strand,
Where the cliff rises, and the billows roar,
Already takes her melancholy stand,
To wing her passage to some happier shore.

XXIII.

Stay, Goddess ! stay, nor leave this once bless'd Isle,
So many ages thy peculiar care ;
O stay ! and cheer us ever with thy smile,
Lest quick we sink in terrible despair.

XXIV.

And lo ! she listens to the Muse's call ;
She comes, once more, to cheer a wretched Land ;
Thou, TYRANNY, shall tremble to thy fall !
To hear her high, her absolute command :—

XXV.

“ Let not, my sons, the laws your fathers bought,
With such rich oceans of undaunted Blood,
By TRAITORS, thus be basely set at nought,
While at your Hearts you feel the purple flood.

XXVI.

“ Unite in firm, in honourable Bands ;
Break every Link of Slavery's hateful chain :
Nor let your children, at their fathers' Hands,
Demand their birthright, and demand in vain.

XXVII.

“ Where'er the murderers of their country Hide ;
Whatever dignities their names adorn ;
It is your Duty—let it be your pride,
To drag them forth to universal scorn.

XXVIII.

“ So shall your loved, your venerated name,
O'er Earth's vast convex gloriously expand ;
So shall your still accumulating fame,
In one bright story with your *Beckford* stand.”

TO MR. HOLLAND.*

WHAT numbers, Holland, can the Muses find,
To sing thy merit in each varied part,
When action, eloquence, and ease combined,
Make Nature but a copy of thy art?

Majestic as the eagle on the wing,
Or the young sky-helmed, mountain-rooted tree;
Pleasing as meadows blushing with the spring,
Loud as the surges of the Severn sea.

In Terror's strain, as clanging armies drear;
In Love, as Jove, too great for mortal praise;
In Pity, gentle as the falling tear;
In all, superior to my feeble lays.

Black Anger's sudden rise, ecstatic Pain;
Tormenting Jealousy's self-cankering sting;
Consuming Envy, with her yelling train;
Fraud, closely shrouded with the turtle's wing:

Whatever passions gall the human breast,
Play in thy features and await thy nod:
In thee, by art, the demon stands confessed,
But Nature on thy soul has stamped the god.

So just thy action with thy part agrees,
Each feature does the office of the tongue;
Such is thy native elegance and ease,
By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

* An actor of some celebrity in Chatterton's time.

At thy feigned woe we're réally distressed ;
 At thy feigned tears we let the réal fall ;
 By every judge of Nature 'tis confessed,
 No single part is thine ; thou'rt all in all.

EPISTLE TO THE REV. MR. CATCOTT.

[20th December 1769.

Mr. Catcott will be pleased to observe that I admire many things in his learned remarks. This poem is an innocent effort of poetical vengeance, as Mr. Catcott has done me the honour to criticise my trifles. I have taken great poetical liberties, and what I dislike in verse possibly deserves my approbation in the plain prose of truth. The many admirers of Mr. Catcott may, on perusal of this, rank me as an enemy ; but I am indifferent in all things. I value neither the praise nor the censure of the multitude.]

WHAT strange infatuations rule mankind !
 How narrow are our prospects, how confined !
 With universal vanity possessed,
 We fondly think our own ideas best ;
 Our tottering arguments are ever strong ;
 We're always self-sufficient in the wrong.
 What philosophic sage of pride austere
 Can lend conviction an attentive ear ?
 What pattern of humility and truth
 Can bear the jeering ridicule of youth ?
 What blushing author ever ranked his muse
 With Fowler's, poet-laureate of the stews ?
 Dull Penny, nodding o'er his wooden lyre,
 Conceits the vapours of Geneva fire.
 All in the language of apostles cry,
 If angels contradict me, angels lie ;

As all have intervals of ease and pain,
So all have intervals of being vain :
But some of folly never shift the scene,
Or let one lucid moment intervene ;
Dull single acts of many-footed Prose
Their tragi-comedies of life compose ;
Incessant madding for a system toy,
The greatest of creation's blessings cloy ;
Their senses dozing a continual dream,
They hang enraptured o'er the hideous scheme.
So virgins tottering into ripe three score,
Their greatest likeness in baboons adore.

When you advance new systems, first unfold
The various imperfections of the old ;
Prove nature hitherto a gloomy night,
You the first focus of primeval light.
'Tis not enough you think your system true,
The busy world would have you prove it, too ;
Then, rising on the ruins of the rest,
Plainly demonstrate your ideas best.
Many are best ; one only can be right,
Though all had inspiration to indite.
Some this unwelcome truth perhaps would tell,
Where Clogher stumbled, Catcott fairly fell,
Writers on rolls of science long renowned
In one fell page are tumbled to the ground.
We see their systems unconfuted still ;
But Catcott can confute them—if he will.
Would you the honour of a priest mistrust,
An excommunication proves him just.

If God made order, order never made
These nice distinctions in the preaching trade.

The servants of the devil are revered,
 And bishops pull the fathers by the beard.
 Yet in these horrid forms salvation lives,
 These are religion's representatives ;
 Yet to these idols must we bow the knee,
 Excuse me, Broughton, when I bow to thee.
 But sure religion can produce at least
 One minister of God—one honest priest.

Search nature o'er, procure me, if you can,
 The fancied character, an honest man.
 (A man of sense, not honest by constraint,
 For fools are canvass, living but in paint.)
 To Mammon or to Superstition, slaves,
 All orders of mankind are fools, or knaves ;
 In the first attribute by none surpassed,
 Taylor endeavours to obtain the last.

Imagination may be too confined ;
 Few see too far ; how many are half blind !
 How are our feeble arguments perplexed
 To find out meaning in a senseless text !
 You rack each metaphor upon the wheel,
 And words can philosophic truths conceal.
 What Paracelsus humoured as a jest,
 You realise to prove your system best.
 Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,
 Your zeal for Scripture hath devoured your sense ?
 Apply the glass of reason to your sight,
 See Nature marshal oozy atoms right ;
 Think for yourself, for all mankind are free ;
 We need not inspiration how to see.
 If Scripture contradictory you find,
 Be orthodox, and own your senses blind.

How blinded are their optics, who aver,
What inspiration dictates cannot err.
Whence is this boasted inspiration sent,
Which makes us utter truths we never meant ?
Which couches systems in a single word,
At once depraved, abstruse, sublime, absurd.
What Moses tells us might perhaps be true,
As he was learned in all the Egyptians knew.

But to assert that inspiration's given,
The copy of philosophy in Heaven,
Strikes at religion's root, and fairly fells
The awful terrors of ten thousand hells.
Attentive search the Scriptures, and you'll find
What vulgar errors are with truth combined.
Your tortured truths, which Moses seemed to know,
He could not unto inspiration owe ;
But if from God one error you admit,
How dubious is the rest of Holy Writ !

What knotty difficulties fancy solves !
The heavens irradiate, and the earth revolves ;
But here imagination is allowed
To clear this voucher from its mantling cloud ;
From the same word we different meanings quote,
As David wears a many-coloured coat.
Oh Inspiration, ever hid in night,
Reflecting various each adjacent light !
If Moses caught thee in the parted flood ;
If David found thee in a sea of blood ;
If Mahomet with slaughter drenched thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off thy spoil ;
If thou hast favoured Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say had not Broughton inspiration too ?

Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.

Confute with candour, where you can confute,
Reason and arrogance but poorly suit.
Yourself may fall before some abler pen,
Infallibility is not for men.
With modest diffidence new schemes indite,
Be not too positive, though in the right.
What man of sense would value vulgar praise,
Or rise on Penny's prose, or duller lays ?
Though pointed fingers mark the man of fame,
And literary grocers chaunt your name ;
Though in each tailor's book-case Catcott shines,
With ornamental flowers and gilded lines ;

Though youthful ladies who by instinct scan
The natural philosophy of man,
Can every reason of your work repeat,
As sands in Africa retain the heat.
Yet check your flowing pride ; will all allow
To wreath the laboured laurel round your brow ?
Some may with seeming arguments dispense,
Tickling your vanity to wound your sense ;
But Clayfield censures, and demonstrates too,
Your theory is certainly untrue ;
On reason and Newtonian rules he proves
How distant your machine from either moves.
But my objections may be reckoned weak,
As nothing but my mother tongue I speak ;
Else would I ask : by what immortal power
All nature was dissolved as in an hour ?
How, when the earth acquired a solid state,
And rising mountains saw the waves abate,

Each particle of matter sought its kind,
All in a strata regular combined ?
When instantaneously the liquid heap
Hardened to rocks the barriers of the deep,
Why did not earth unite a stony mass,
Since stony filaments through all must pass ?
If on the wings of air the planets run,
Why are they not impelled into the sun ?
Philosophy, nay common sense, will prove
All passives with their active agents move.
If the diurnal motion of the air
Revolves the planets in their destined sphere ;
How are the secondary orbs impelled ?
How are the moons from falling headlong held ?

'Twas the Eternal's fiat, you reply ;
And who will give Eternity the lie ?
I own the awful truth, that God made all,
And by His fiat worlds and systems fall.
But study Nature ; not an atom there
Will unassisted by her powers appear.
The fiat, without agents, is, at best,
For priestcraft or for ignorance a vest.
Some fancy God is what we Nature call,
Being itself material, all in all.
The fragments of the Deity we own,
Is vulgarly as various matter known.
No agents could assist creation's birth.
We trample on our God, for God is earth :
'Tis past the power of language to confute
This latitudinary attribute.

How lofty must imagination soar,
To reach absurdities unknown before !

Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast brought
 From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.
 Restrain, O muse, thy unaccomplished lines,
 Fling not thy saucy satire at divines ;
 This single truth thy brother bards must tell ;
 Thou hast one excellence, of railing well.
 But disputations are befitting those
 Who settle Hebrew points, and scold in prose.

O Learning, where are all thy fancied joys,
 Thy empty pleasures and thy solemn toys ?
 Proud of thy own importance, though we see
 We've little reason to be proud of thee ;
 Thou putrid foetus of a barren brain,
 Thou offspring illegitimate of Pain.
 Tell me, sententious mortals, tell me whence
 You claim the preference to men of sense !
 [Burgum] wants learning ; see the lettered throng
 Banter his English in a Latin song.
 Oxonian sages hesitate to speak
 Their native language, but declaim in Greek.
 If in his jests a discord should appear,
 A dull lampoon is innocently clear.
 Ye classic dunces, self-sufficient fools,
 Is this the boasted justice of your schools ?
 [Burgum] has parts ; parts which would set aside
 The laboured acquisitions of your pride ;
 Uncultivated now his genius lies,
 Instruction sees his latent beauties rise ;
 His gold is bullion, yours debased with brass,
 Impressed with folly's head to make it pass.

But [Burgum] swears so loud, so indiscreet,
 His thunders rattle through the listening street ;

Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear ;
Observe his virtues ; calumny must own
A noble soul is in his actions shown ;
Though dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a [Burgum] than a saint.
Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,
The muse will go where merit leads the way ;
The owls of learning may admire the night,
But [Burgum] shines with reason's glowing light.

Still admonition presses to my pen,
The infant muse would give advice to men.
But what avails it, since the man I blame
Owns no superior in the paths of fame ?
In springs, in mountains, stratas, mines, and rocks,
Catcott is every notion orthodox.
If to think otherwise you claim pretence,
You're a detested heretic in sense.
But O ! how lofty your ideas roar,
In showing wond'ring cits the fossil store.
The ladies are quite ravished, as he tells
The short adventures of the pretty shells ;
Miss Biddy sickens to indulge her touch,
Madam, more prudent, thinks 'twould seem too
much ;
The doors fly open, instantly he draws
The sparry lood, and—wonders of applause ;
The full dressed lady sees with envying eye
The sparkle of her diamond pendants die ;
Sage natural philosophers adore
The fossil whimseys of the numerous store.
But see ! the purple stream begins to play,
To show how fountains climb the hilly way.

Hark, what a murmur echoes through the throng,
 Gods ! that the pretty trifle should be wrong !
 Experience in the voice of reason tells
 Above its surface water never swells.

Where is the priestly soul of Catcott now ?
 See what a triumph sits upon his brow !
 And can the poor applause of things like these,
 Whose souls and sentiments are all disease,
 Raise little triumphs in a man like you,
 Catcott, the foremost of the judging few ?
 So at Llewellyn's your great brother sits,
 The laughter of his tributary wits ;
 Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,
 Empties his pint and sputters his decrees.

ELEGY.

HASTE, haste ! ye solemn messengers of night,
 Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain ;
 But, ah ! my torments still survive the light,
 The changing seasons alter not my pain.

Ye variegated children of the spring ;
 Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew ;
 Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing ;
 Ye flowery meadows, lawns of verdant hue ;

Faint are your colours, harsh your love-notes thrill ;
 To me no pleasure Nature now can yield—
 Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
 The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams,
Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds,
Ascend the bright-crowned sun's far-shining beams,
To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head ;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine ;
Ye toads, your venom in my footpath spread ;
Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year,
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise ;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear ;
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day ;
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar—
In plaintive numbers through the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride ;
Ye softly tinkling rivulets, cease to flow,
Or, swelled with certain death and poison, glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Through the black mantles take your slow-paced flight ;
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye snow-crowned mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head ;
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—Lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

ELEGY.

WHY blooms the radiance of the morning sky ?
Why spring the beauties of the season round ?
Why buds the blossom with the glossy dye ?
Ah ! why does nature beautify the ground ?

Whilst, softly floating on the zephyr's wing,
The melting accents of the thrushes rise,
And all the heavenly music of the spring
Steal on the sense and harmonise the skies.

When the rack'd soul is not attuned to joy,
When sorrow an eternal monarch reigns,
In vain the choristers their powers employ—
'Tis hateful music and discordant strains.

The velvet mantle of the skirted mead,
The rich varieties of Flora's pride,
Till the full bosom is from trouble freed,
Disgusts the eye and bids the big tear glide.

Once, ere the gold-hair'd sun shot the new ray
Through the grey twilight of the dubious morn,
To woodlands, lawn, and hills, I took my way
And listen'd to the echoes of the horn ;

Dwelt on the prospect, sought the varied view,
Traced the meanders of the bubbling stream,
From joy to joy uninterrupted flew,
And thought existence but a fairy dream.

Now through the gloomy cloister's lengthening way,
Through all the terror superstition frames,
I lose the minutes of the lingering day,
And view the night light up her pointed flames.

I dare the danger of the mouldering wall,
Nor heed the arch that totters o'er my head :
O quickly may the friendly ruin fall,
Release me of my love, and strike me dead.

M—— ! cruel, sweet, inexorable fair,
Oh must I unregarded seek the grave ?
Must I from all my bosom holds repair,
When one indulgent smile from thee would save ?

Let mercy plead my cause ; and think, oh think !
A love like mine but ill deserves thy hate :
Remember I am tottering on the brink ;
Thy smile or censure seals my final fate.

CLIFTON.

CLIFTON, sweet village ! now demands the lay,
The loved retreat of all the rich and gay ;
The darling spot which pining maidens seek,
To give health's roses to the pallid cheek.
Warm from its fount the holy water pours,
And lures the sick to Clifton's neighbouring bowers ;
Let bright Hygeia her glad reign resume,
And o'er each sickly form renew her bloom.
Me, whom no fell disease this hour compels
To visit Bristol's celebrated wells,
Far other motives prompt my eager view :
My heart can here its favourite bent pursue ;
Here can I gaze, and pause, and muse between,
And draw some moral truth from every scene.
Yon dusty rocks, that from the stream arise

In rude rough grandeur, threat the distant skies,
Seem as if nature, in a painful throe,
With dire convulsions labouring to and fro
(To give the boiling waves a ready vent),
At one dread stroke the solid mountain rent ;
The huge cleft rocks transmit to distant fame
The sacred gilding of a good saint's name.
Now round the varied scene attention turns
Her ready eye—my soul with ardour burns ;
For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where cenotaph its mournful story tells—
How Briton's heroes, true to honour's laws,
Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cause,
But though in distant fields your limbs are laid,
In fame's long list your glories ne'er will fade ;
But, blooming still beyond the gripe of death,
Fear not the blast of time's inclouding breath.
Your generous leader raised this stone, to say
You followed still where honour led the way ;
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.
Now Brandon's cliffs my wandering gazes meet,
Whose craggy surface mocks the lingering feet ;
Queen Bess's gift (so ancient legends say)
To Bristol's fair ; where to the sun's warm ray
On the rough bush the linen white they spread,
Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.

Here as I musing take my pensive stand,
Whilst evening shadows lengthen o'er the land,
O'er the wide landscape cast the circling eye,
How ardent memory prompts the fervid sigh !
O'er the historic page my fancy runs,
Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant sons :

Yon castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dyed with Danish blood.
Then of its later fate a view I take :
Here the sad monarch lost his hope's last stake,
When Rupert bold, of well-achieved renown,
Stain'd all the fame his former prowess won.
But for its ancient use no more employed,
Its walls all mouldered and its gates destroyed.
In history's roll it still a shade retains,
Though of the fortress scarce a stone remains,
Eager at length I strain each aching limb,
And breathless now the mountain's summit climb :
Here does attention her fixed gaze renew,
And of the city takes a nearer view.
The yellow Avon, creeping at my side,
In sullen billows rolls a muddy tide ;
No sportive Naiads on her streams are seen,
No cheerful pastimes deck the gloomy scene ;
Fix'd in a stupor by the cheerless plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain ;
For though her waves, by commerce richly bless'd,
Roll to her shores the treasures of the West,
Though her broad banks trade's busy aspect wears.
She seems unconscious of the wealth she bears.
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wanders Jacob's ever-murmuring rill,
That, pouring forth a never-failing stream,
To the dim eye restores the steady beam.
Here, too (alas ! though tottering now with age),
Stands our deserted, solitary stage,
Where oft our Powel, Nature's genuine son,
With tragic tones the fixed attention won :
Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly—
Fierce as the blast that tears the northern sky ;

Like snows that trickle down hot Ætna's steep,
His passion melts the soul, and makes us weep:
But oh, how soft his tender accents move !
Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—
Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of spring,
Dropping a lucid tear on zephyr's wing.
O'er Shakespeare's varied scenes he wandered wide:
In Macbeth's form all human power defied ;
In shapeless Richard's dark and fierce disguise,
In dreams he saw the murdered train arise ;
Then what convulsions shook his trembling breast,
And strewn with pointed thorns his bed of rest !
But fate has snatched thee—early was thy doom :
How soon enclosed within the silent tomb !
No more our raptured eyes shall meet thy form,
No more thy melting tones our bosoms warm ;
Without thy powerful aid, the languid stage
No more can please at once and mend the age.
Yes, thou art gone ! and thy beloved remains
Yon sacred old cathedral wall contains ;
There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,
And solemn organs swell the mournful peal ;
Whilst hallowed dirges fill the holy shrine—
Deservèd tribute to such worth as thine.
No more at Clifton's scenes my strains o'erflow,
For the Muse, drooping at this tale of woe,
Slackens the strings of her enamoured lyre—
The flood of gushing grief puts out her fire :
Else would she sing the deeds of other times,
Of saints and heroes sung in monkish rhymes ;
Else would her soaring fancy burn to stray,
And through the cloistered aisle would take her way,
Where sleep (ah ! mingling with the common dust)
The sacred bodies of the brave and just.

But vain the attempt to scan that holy lore,
These softening sighs forbid the Muse to soar.
So, treading back the steps I just now trod,
Mournful and sad I seek my lone abode.

THE ROMANCE OF THE KNIGHT.*

THE pleasing sweets of spring and summer past,
The falling leaf flies in the sultry blast,
The fields resign their spangling orbs of gold,
The wrinkled grass its silver joys unfold,
Mantling the spreading moor in heavenly white,
Meeting from every hill the ravished sight ;
The yellow flag uprears its spotted head,
Hanging regardant o'er its watery bed.
The worthy knight ascends his foaming steed,
Of size uncommon, and no common breed ;
His sword of giant make hangs from his belt,
Whose piercing edge his daring foes had felt.
To seek for glory and renown he goes,
To scatter death among his trembling foes :
Unnerved by fear, they trembled at his stroke ;
So cutting blasts shake the tall mountain oak.

Down in a dark and solitary vale,
Where the curst screech-owl sings her fatal tale,
Where copse and brambles interwoven lie,
Where trees entwining arch the azure sky,
Thither the fate-marked champion bent his way,
By purling streams to lose the heat of day.

* Modernised by Chatterton.

A sudden cry assaults his listening ear—
His soul's too noble to admit of fear.
The cry re-echoes ; with his bounding steed
He gropes the way from whence the cries proceed.
The arching trees above obscured the light,
Here 'twas all evening, there eternal night.

And now the rustling leaves and strengthened cry,
Bespeaks the cause of the confusion nigh ;
Through the thick brake the astonished champion sees
A weeping damsel bending on her knees :
A ruffian knight would force her to the ground,
But still some small resisting strength she found.

.
The champion thus—" Desist, discourteous knight,
Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy might ?"
With eye contemptuous thus the knight replies—
" Begone ! whoever dares my fury dies."
Down to the ground the champion's gauntlet flew—
" I dare thy fury, and I'll prove it too."

Like two fierce mountain boars enraged they fly.
The prancing steeds make echo rend the sky.
Like a fierce tempest is the bloody fight ;
Dead from his lofty steed falls the proud ruffian knight
The victor, sadly pleased, accosts the dame—
" I will convey you hence to whence you came."
With look of gratitude the fair replied—
" Content, I in your virtue may confide."
But, said the fair, as mournful she surveyed,
The breathless corse upon the meadow laid,
" May all thy sins from Heaven forgiveness find
May not thy body's crimes affect thy mind !"

FRAGMENT.

FAR from the reach of critics and reviews,
Brush up thy pinions and ascend, my Muse !
Of conversation sing an ample theme,
And drink the tea of Heliconian stream.
Hail, matchless linguist ! prating Delia, hail !
When scandal's best materials, hackneyed, fail,
Thy quick invention lends a quick supply,
And all thy talk is one continued lie.
Know, thou eternal babbler, that my song
Could show a line as venomed as thy tongue.
In pity to thy sex I cease to write
Of London journeys and the marriage-night.
The conversation with which taverns ring
Descends below my satire's soaring sting.
Upon his elbow-throne great Maro sits,
Revered at Forster's by the would-be wits ;
Deliberately the studied jest he breaks,
And long and loud the polished table shakes ;
Retailed in every brothel-house in town,
Each dancing booby vends it as his own.
Upon the empty jelly-glass reclined,
The laughing Maro gathers up his wind ;
The tail-bud 'prentice rubs his hands and grins,
Ready to laugh before the tale begins :
To talk of freedom, politics, and Bute,
And knotty arguments in law confute,
I leave to blockheads, for such things designed ;
Be it my task divine to ease the mind.

"To-morrow," says a Church-of-England priest,
"Is of good St. Epiphany the feast.

It nothing matters whether he or she,
But be all servants from their labour free."
The laugh begins with Maro, and goes round,
And the dry jest is very witty found ;
In every corner of the room are seen
Round altars, covered with eternal green,
Piled high with offerings to the Goddess Fame,
Which mortals, chronicles, and journals name ;
Where, in strange jumble, flesh and spirit lie,
And illustration sees a jest-book nigh :
Anti-venereal medicine cheek-by-jowl
With Whitfield's famous physic for the soul ;
The patriot Wilkes's ever-famed essay,
With Bute and justice in the self-same lay :
Which of the two deserved (ye casuists tell)
The conflagrations of a hangman's hell ?

The clock strikes eight ; the taper dully shines ;
Farewell, my Muse, nor think of further lines :
Nine leaves, and in two hours, or something odd,
Shut up the book—it is enough, by G—d !

Sage Gloster's bishop sits supine between
His fiery floggers and a cure for spleen ;
The son of flame, enthusiastic Law,
Displays his bigot blade and thunders raw,
Unconscious of his neighbours, some vile plays,
Directing-posts to Beelzebub's highways ;
Fools are philosophers in Jones's line,
And bound in gold and scarlet, Dodsleys shine ;
These are the various offerings Fame requires,
For ever rising to her shrines in spires ;
Hence all Avaro's politics are drained,
And Evelina's general scandal's gained.

Where Satan's temple rears its lofty head,
And muddy torrents wash their shrinking bed ;
Where the stupendous sons of commerce meet,
Sometimes to scold, indeed, but oft to eat ;
Where frugal Cambria all her poultry gives,
And where the insatiate Messalina lives,
A mighty fabric opens to the sight,
With four large columns, five large windows dight ;
With four small portals—'tis with much ado
A common-council lady can pass through :
Here HARE first teaches supple limbs to bend,
And faults of nature never fails to mend.

Here conversation takes a nobler flight,
For nature leads the theme, and all is right ;
The little god of love improves discourse,
And sage discretion finds his thunder hoarse.
About the flame the gilded trifles play,
Till, lost in forge unknown, they melt away ;
And, cherishing the passion in the mind,
There each idea's brighten'd and refined.

Ye painted guardians of the lovely fair,
Who spread the saffron bloom and tinge the hair :
Whose deep invention first found out the art
Of making rapture glow in every part,
Of wounding by each varied attitude—
Sure 'twas a thought divinity endued !

.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PHILLIPS.

ASSIST me, powers of Heaven ! what do I hear ?
 Surprise and horror check the burning tear.
 Is Phillips dead, and is my friend no more ?
 Gone like the sand divested from the shore !
 And is he gone ? Can then the Nine refuse
 To sing with gratitude a favoured Muse.

ELEGY.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
 No more the wonders of the view I sing ;
 Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
 At her command the awful lyre I string !

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
 Where tempests howl and blasts eternal rise,
 How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
 Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes ?

Phillips ! great master of the boundless lyre,
 Thee would my soul-racked Muse attempt to paint ;
 Give me a double portion of thy fire,
 Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,
 Say, meek-eyed spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,
 Which, when the silver stream was locked with ice,
 Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell ?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew
 The thickening shade upon the vivid green,

Thou, lost in transport at the dying view
Bid'st the ascending Muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn, wreathed in ripened corn,
From purple clusters pressed the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls ;
The gurgling rivulet to the valley hies,
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay ;
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
And every image of his Muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star,
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,
So seemed the forest glimmering from afar ;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flowery pride
Next claimed the honour of his nervous song ;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale, rugged Winter, bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropped with icy dew ;
His eyes a dusky light, congealed and dead,
His robe a tinge of bright ethereal blue ;

His train a motleyed, sanguine, sable cloud—
He limps along the russet, dreary moor,
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee ;
Pleasures he has, though horridly deformed ;
The polished lake, the silvered hill we see,
Is by thy genius fired, preserved, and warmed.

The rough October has his pleasures too ;
But I'm insensible to every joy ;
Farewell the laurel ! now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-loved friend !
Clothed in thy native virtue, meet my soul,
When on the fatal bed my passions bend,
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honour and thy soul divine ;
With thee did every god of genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the Nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest
Was ever changing to a different hue ;
Her head, with varied bays and flowerets dressed,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew—

With dancing attitude she swept thy string ;
And now she soars, and now again descends ;
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, decked in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume ;
The rosy veil of harmony and love
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temperance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscle strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every frugal feast preside.

Black Melancholy, stealing to the shade,
With raging madness, frantic, loud, and dire,
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

Content, who smiles on every frown of fate,
Wreathed thy pacific brow and soothed thy ill :
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy Muse laid every trouble still.

But see ! the sickening lamp of day retires,
And the meek evening shakes the dusky grey ;
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips ! dies away.

Here, stretched upon this heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew, the yellows hawthorns bow ;
The rustic whistles through the echoing cave ;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the full Avon lifts the darkened wave.

Now, as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thickening gloom.
Ah ! could I charm by necromantic spells
The soul of Phillips from the deathly tomb,

Then would we wander through this darkened vale,
In converse such as heavenly spirits use ;
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,
Hymn the Creator and exert the Muse.

But, horror to reflection ! now no more
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain,
When, doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See, see ! the pitchy vapour hides the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where, into a blasted oak withdrawn,
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.

Now rest, my Muse ; but only rest to weep
A friend made dear by every sacred tie.
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or sleep :
Phillips is dead—'tis pleasure, then, to die.

Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,
Short were the moments of his transient peace ;
But melancholy robbed him of those few.
And this hath bid all future comfort cease.

And can the Muse be silent, Phillips gone ?
 And am I still alive ? My soul, arise !
 The robe of immortality put on,
 And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

TO THE READER.

Observe, in favour of a hobbling strain,
 Neat as exported from the parent brain,
 And each and every couplet I have penned,
 But little laboured, and I never mend.

SENTIMENT.

SINCE we can die but once, what matters it,
 If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,
 Slow wasting sickness, or the sudden burst
 Of valve arterial in the noble parts,
 Curtail the miseries of human life ?
 Though varied is the cause, the effect's the same ;
 All to one common dissolution tends.

ON MR. ALCOCK OF BRISTOL,
 AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

YE Nine, awake the chorded shell,
 Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell
 In truth-dictated lays :
 On wings of genius take thy flight,
 O Muse ! above the Olympic height,
 Make Echo sing his praise.

Nature, in all her glory dressed,
Her flowery crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone ethereal blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand ;
The eye surveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
And bid the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind ;
So taking are his men displayed,
That oft the unguarded wounded maid
Hath wished the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature show,
The silver fountains seem to flow,
The hoary woods to nod ;
The curling hair, the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools
With Alcock's pencil vie ?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice-happy artist, rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving showers,
Thy beauteous works to view :
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of Fame,
And own the seat thy due.

ELEGY.

JOYLESS I seek the solitary shade
Where dusky Contemplation veils the scene,
The dark retreat, of leafless branches made,
Where sickening Sorrow wets the yellowed green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
Where erst the sons of Superstition trod,
Tottering upon the mossy meadow, tell
We better know, but less adore our God.

Now as I mournful tread the gloomy nave,
Through the wide window (once with mysteries dight)
The distant forest, and the darkened wave
Of the swoln Avon ravishes my sight.

But see the thickening veil of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a sable blue,
The rapturing prospects fly the lessening lawn,
And Nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-frighted Fear creeps silent through the gloom,
Starts at the rustling leaf, and rolls his eyes ;
Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell, he flies,

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare ;
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale—
Where'er I wander, sorrow still is there.

TO MISS BUSH OF BRISTOL.

BEFORE I seek the dreary shore
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along,
To you I urge the plaintive strain,
And though a lover sings in vain,
Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid sneers ;
With assiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the sun
Does his hot course of glory run,
And parches up the ground ;
Where o'er the burning, cleaving plains,
A long eternal dog-star reigns,
And splendour flames around :

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenser than my mind,
Which burns a constant flame :
There will I lose thy heavenly form,
Nor shall remembrance, raptured warm,
Draw shadows of thy frame.

In the rough element, the sea,
I'll drown the softer subject, thee,
And sink each lovely charm :

No more my bosom shall be torn,
No more, by wild ideas borne,
I'll cherish the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpose find
Thy sway within my breast :
But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight, I'll go,
Forget her, and be blest.

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 5.

WHAT gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
With sweets perfumed now courts thee to the
bower,

Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour ?

By zephyrs waved, why does thy loose hair sweep
In simple curls around thy polished brow ?
The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep
Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.

Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes
As the smooth surface of the untroubled stream ;
Yet, ah ! too soon the ecstatic vision flies—
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth ! oh, shun the warm embrace,
Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile !

Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

Thank heaven, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main !

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 19.

YES ! I am caught : my melting soul
To Venus bends without control—
I pour the impassioned sigh.
Ye gods ! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love
That beams from Stella's eye !

Oh how divinely fair that face !
And what a sweet resistless grace
On every feature dwells !
And on those features all the while
The softness of each frequent smile
Her sweet good-nature tells.

O Love ! I'm thine—no more I sing
Heroic deeds—the sounding string
Forgets its wonted strain ;
For aught but love the lyre's unstrung ;
Love melts and trembles on my tongue,
And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
The green-sod altar let us rise,
Let holy incense smoke :

And if we pour the sparkling wine,
Sweet, gentle peace may still be mine,
This dreadful chain be broke !



A BACCHANALIAN.

WHAT is war and all its joys ?
Useless mischief, empty noise.
What are arms and trophies won ?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine,
Happiness is only thine !

What is love without the bowl ?
'Tis a languor of the soul :
Crowned with ivy, Venus charms ;
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus, give me love and wine,
Happiness is only thine !

THE INVITATION.

AWAY to the woodlands, away !
The shepherds are forming a ring,
To dance to the honour of May,
And welcome the pleasures of Spring.
And shepherdess labours a grace,
And shines in her Sunday's array,
And bears in the bloom of her face
The charms and the beauties of May.

Away to the woodlands, away !
And join with the amorous train :
'Tis treason to labour to-day,
Now Bacchus and Cupid must reign.
With garlands of primroses made,
And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,
Through woodland, and meadow, and shade,
We'll dance to the honour of May.

A BACCHANALIAN.

BACCHUS ! ever-smiling power,
Patron of the festive hour !
Here thy genuine nectar roll
To the wide capacious bowl,
While gentility and glee
Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus ! ever mirth and joy ;
Laughing, wanton, happy boy !
Here advance thy clustered crown,
Send thy purple blessings down ;
With the Nine to please conspire,
Wreath the ivy round the lyre.

TO MISS C——.

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARPSICHORD.

HAD Israel's monarch, when misfortune's dart
Pierced to its deepest core his heaving breast,
Heard but thy dulcet tones, his sorrowing heart,
At such soft tones, had sooth'd itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far than Jesse's son's thy strains,
Yet what avail if sorrow they disarm ;
Love's sharper sting within the soul remains,
The melting movements wound us as they charm.

THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE.

YOUNG Strephon is as fair a swain
As e'er a shepherd of the plain
In all the hundred round ;
But Ralph has tempting shoulders, true,
And will as quickly buckle to
As any to be found.

Young Colin has a comely face,
And cudgels with an active grace,
In everything complete ;
But Hobbinol can dance divine—
Gods ! how his manly beauties shine
When jigging with his feet !

Roger is very stout and strong,
And Thyrsis sings a heavenly song,
Soft Giles is brisk and small.
Who shall I choose? who shall I shun?
Why must I be confined to one?
Why can't I have them all?

THE HAPPY PAIR.

STREPHON.

LUCY, since the knot was tied,
Which confirmed thee Strephon's bride,
All is pleasure, all is joy,
Married love can never cloy;
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is the road to bliss.

LUCY.

Whilst thy kindness every hour
Gathers pleasure with its power,
Love and tenderness in thee
Must be happiness to me.
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this
Marriage is substantial bliss.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,

Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love,
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the marriage scene.

STREPHON.

Blest with thee, the sultry day
Flies on wings of down away,
Lab'ring o'er the yellow plain,
Open to the sun and rain,
All my painful labours fly
When I think my Lucy's nigh.

LUCY.

O, my Strephon ! could my heart
Happiness to thee impart,
Joy should sing away the hour,
Love should every pleasure shower ;
Search my faithful breast, and see,
I am blest in loving thee.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love,
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the marriage scene.

SONG.

TO MR. G. CATCOTT.—1769.

I.

AH, blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way
My notions and actions run far.
How can my ideas do other but stray,
Deprived of their ruling north-star ?

II.

Ah, blame me not, Broderip, if mounted aloft,
I chatter and spoil the dull air ;
How can I imagine thy foppery soft,
When discord's the voice of my fair ?

III.

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,
If Harding was girlish and cold,
If never an ogle was met from Miss Grimes,
If Flavia was blasted and old ;

IV.

I chose without liking, and left without pain,
Nor welcomed the frown with a sigh ;
I scorned like a monkey to dangle my chain,
And paint them new charms with a lie.

V.

Our Cotton was handsome ; I flamed and I burned,
I died to obtain the bright queen ;
But when I beheld my epistle returned,
By Jesu, it altered the scene.

VI.

"She's damnably ugly," my vanity cried,
"You lie," says my conscience, "you lie ;"
Resolving to follow the dictates of pride,
I'd view her a hag to my eye.

VII.

But should she regain her bright lustre again,
And shine in her natural charms,
'Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,
And permit me to use my own arms.

COPY OF VERSES WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON
TO A LADY IN BRISTOL.

TO use a worn-out simile,
From flower to flower the busy bee
With anxious labour flies,
Alike from scents which give distaste,
By fancy as disgusting placed,
Repletes his useful thighs.

Nor does his vicious taste prefer
The fopling of some gay parterre,
The mimicry of art !
But round the meadow-violet dwells,
Nature replenishing his cells,
Does ampler stores impart.

So I, a humble-dumble drone,
Anxious and restless when alone,
 Seek comfort in the fair,
And featured up in tenfold brass,
A rhyming, staring, am'rous ass,
 To you address my prayer.

But ever in my love-lorn flights
Nature untouched by Art delights,
 Art ever gives disgust.
Why, says some priest of mystic thought,
The bard alone by nature taught,
 Is to that nature just.

But ask your orthodox divine,
If he perchance should read this line,
 Which fancy now inspires ;
Will all his sermons, preaching, prayers,
His Hell, his Heaven, his solemn airs,
 Quench Nature's rising fires ?

In natural religion free,
I to no other bow the knee,
 Nature's the God I own.
Let priests of future torments tell,
Your anger is the only hell,
 No other hell is known.

I, steeled by destiny, was born
Well fenced against a woman's scorn,
 Regardless of that hell,
I, fired by burning planets, came
From flaming hearts to catch a flame,
 And bid the bosom swell.

Then catch the shadow of a heart,
I will not with the substance part,
 Although that substance burn,
Till as a hostage you remit
Your heart, your sentiment, your wit,
 To make a safe return.

A reverend Cully Mully Puff
May call this letter odious stuff,
 With no Greek motto graced ;
Whilst you, despising the poor strain ;
“ The dog’s insufferably vain
 To think to please my taste ! ”

’Tis vanity, ’tis impudence,
Is all the merit, all the sense
 Through which to fame I trod ;
These (by the Trinity ’tis true)
Procure me friends and notice too,
 And shall gain you, by G—d.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN AT STANTON-DREW.

JOYLESS I hail the solemn gloom,
Joyless I view the pillars vast and rude.
Where erst the fool of superstition trod,
In smoking blood imbrued,
And rising from the tomb—
Mistaken homage to an unknown God.

Fancy, whither dost thou stray ?
Whither dost thou wing thy way ?
Check the rising wild delight,
Ah ! what avails this awful sight,
Maria is no more !
Why, curst remembrance, wilt thou haunt my mind ?
The blessings past are misery now,
Upon her lovely brow
Her lovelier soul she wore,
Soft as the evening gale
When breathing perfumes through the rose hedged vale.
She was my joy, my happiness refined.
All hail, ye solemn horrors of this scene,
The blasted oak, the dusky green.

Ye dreary altars by whose side
The Druid priest, in crimson dyed,
The solemn dirges sung,
And drove the golden knife
Into the palpitating seat of life.
When rent with horrid shouts the distant valleys rung,
The bleeding body bends,
The glowing purple stream ascends,
Whilst the troubled spirit near
Hovers in the steamy air,
Again the sacred dirge they sing,
Again the distant hill and coppice valley ring.
Soul of my dear Maria, haste,
Whilst my languid spirits waste,
When from this my prison free,
Catch my soul, it flies to thee ;
Death had doubly armed his dart,
In piercing thee it pierced my heart.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN TANDEY, SEN.

I.

YE virgins of the sacred choir,
Awake the soul-dissolving lyre,
Begin the mournful strain ;
To deck the much-loved Tandey's urn,
Let the poetic genius burn,
And all Parnassus drain.

II.

Ye ghosts ! that leave the silent tomb,
To wander in the midnight gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye ;
Garlands of yew and cypress bring,
Adorn his tomb, his praises sing,
And swell the gen'ral sigh.

III.

Ye wretches, who could scarcely save
Your starving offspring from the grave,
By God afflicted sore ;
Vent the big tear, the soul-felt sigh,
And swell your meagre infant's cry,
For Tandey is no more.

IV.

To you his charity he dealt,
His melting soul your miseries felt,
And made your woes his own ;

A common friend to all mankind,
 His face the index of his mind,
 Where all the saint was shown.

V.

In him the social virtues joined,
 His judgment sound, his sense refined,
 His actions ever just—
 Who can suppress the rising sigh,
 To think such saint-like men must die,
 And mix with common dust?

VI.

Had virtue power from death to save,
 The good man ne'er would see the grave,
 But live immortal here.
 Hawsworth and Tandey are no more ;
 Lament, ye virtuous and ye poor,
 And drop the unfeigned tear.

 ELEGY

ON MR. WILLIAM SMITH.

ASCEND, my Muse, on sorrow's sable plume,
 Let the soft number meet the swelling sigh ;
 With laureated chaplets deck the tomb,
 The blood-stained tomb where Smith and comfort
 lie.

I loved him with a brother's ardent love,
 Beyond the love which tenderest brothers bear ;
 Though savage kindred bosoms cannot move,
 Friendship shall deck his urn and pay the tear.

Despised, an alien to thy father's breast,
 Thy ready services repaid with hate ;
 By brother, father, sisters, all distressed,
 They pushed thee on to death, they urged thy fate.

Ye callous-breasted brutes in human form,
 Have you not often boldly wished him dead ?
 He's gone, ere yet his fire of man was warm,
 O may his crying blood be on your head !

 THE DEFENCE.

NO more, dear Smith, the hackneyed tale renew
 I own their censure, I approve it too.
 For how can idiots, destitute of thought,
 Conceive, or estimate, but as they're taught ?
 Say, can the satirizing pen of Shears
 Exalt his name, or mutilate his ears ?
 None but a Lawrence can adorn his lays,
 Who in a quart of claret drinks his praise.
 T—l—r repeats what Catcott told before,
 But lying T—l—r is believed no more.
 If in myself I think my notion just,
 The church and all her arguments are dust.

Religion's but Opinion's bastard son, P 130
 A perfect mystery, more than three in one.

'Tis fancy all, distempers of the mind ;
As education taught us, we're inclined.
Happy the man whose reason bids him see
Mankind are by the state of nature free ;
Who, thinking for himself, despises those
That would upon his better sense impose ;
Is to himself the minister of God,
Nor dreads the path where Athanasius trod.
Happy (if mortals can be) is the man,
Who, not by priest, but reason rules his span ;
Reason, to its possessor a sure guide,
Reason, a thorn in Revelation's side.
If reason fails, incapable to tread,
Through gloomy Revelation's thick'ning bed,
On what authority the Church we own ?
How shall we worship deities unknown ?
Can the Eternal Justice pleased receive
The prayers of those, who, ignorant, believe ?

Search the thick multitudes of every sect,
The Church supreme, with Whitfield's new elect ;
No individual can their God define,
No, not great Penny, in his nervous line.
But why must Chatterton selected sit,
The butt of every critic's little wit ?
Am I alone for ever in a crime ?
Nonsense in prose, or blasphemy in rhyme ?
All monosyllables a line appears ?
Is it not very often so in Shears ?
See gen'rous Eccas, lengthening out my praise,
Enraptured with the music of my lays ;
In all the arts of panegyric graced,
The cream of modern literary taste.

"Why, to be sure, the metaphoric line
 Has something sentimental, tender, fine ;
 But then how hobbling are the other two ;
 There are some beauties, but they're very few.
 Besides the author, 'faith 'tis something odd,
 Commends a reverential awe of God.
 Read but another fancy of his brain ;
 He's atheistical in every strain."
 Fallacious is the charge : 'tis all a lie.
 As to my reason I can testify.
 I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,
 Who bid our glories of creation rise ;
 Who formed His varied likeness in mankind,
 Centr'ing His many wonders in the mind :
 Who saw religion a fantastic night,
 But gave us reason to obtain the light.
 Indulgent Whitfield scruples not to say,
 He only can direct to Heaven's highway ;
 While bishops, with as much vehemence, tell,
 All sects heterodox are food for Hell.
 Why then, dear Smith, since doctors disagree,
 Their notions are not oracles to me.
 What I think right I ever will pursue,
 And leave you liberty to do so too.

 SUNDAY.

A FRAGMENT.

HERVENIS, harping on the hackneyed text,
 By disquisitions is so sore perplexed,
 He stammers, instantaneously is drawn,
 A bordered piece of inspiration-lawn,

Which being thrice unto his nose applied,
Into his pineal gland the vapours glide ;
And now again we hear the doctor roar
On subjects he dissected thrice before ;
I own at church I very seldom pray,
For vicars, strangers to devotion, bray.
Sermons, though flowing from the sacred lawn,
Are flimsy wires from reason's ingot drawn ;
And to confess the truth, another cause
My every prayer and adoration draws ;
In all the glaring tinctures of the bow,
The ladies front me in celestial row
(Though when black Melancholy damps my joys,
I call them Nature's trifles, airy toys ;
Yet when the goddess Reason guides the strain,
I think them, what they are, a heavenly train ;
The amorous rolling, the black sparkling eye,
The gentle hazel, and the optic sly ;
The easy shape, the panting semi-globes,
The frankness which each latent charm disrobes ;
The melting passions, and the sweet severe,
The easy amble, the majestic air ;
The tap'ring waist, the silver-mantled arms,
All is one vast variety of charms).
Say who but sages stretched beyond their span,
Italian singers, or an unmann'd man,
Can see Elysium spread upon their brow,
And to a drowsy curate's sermon bow.

If (but 'tis seldom) no fair female face
Attracts my notice by some glowing grace,
Around the monuments I cast my eyes,
And see absurdities and nonsense rise.
Here rueful-visaged angels seem to tell,

With weeping eyes, a soul is gone to hell ;
 There a child's head, supported by duck's wings,
 With toothless mouth a hallelujah sings.
 In funeral pile eternal marble burns,
 And a good Christian seems to sleep in urns.
 A self-drawn curtain bids the reader see
 An honourable Welshman's pedigree ;
 A rock of porphyry darkens half the place,
 And virtues blubber with no awkward grace ;
 Yet, strange to tell, in all the dreary gloom
 That makes the sacred honours of the tomb,
 No quartered coats above the bell appear,
 No battered arms, or golden corsets there.

HAPPINESS.

A FRAGMENT.

SINCE happiness was not ordained for man,
 Let's make ourselves as easy as we can ;
 Possessed with fame or fortune, friend or w——e,
 But think it happiness—we want no more.

Hail Revelation ! sphere-enveloped dame,
 To some divinity, to most a name,
 Reason's dark-lantern, Superstition's sun,
 Whose cause mysterious and effect are one—
 From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
 Fair as ambition's dream, or beauty's face,
 But in reality, as shadowy found
 As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.
 What little rest from over-anxious care
 The lords of nature are designed to share,

To wanton whim and prejudice we owe,
Opinion is the only god we know.

Our furthest wish, the Deity we fear,
In different subjects, differently appear.
Where's the foundation of religion placed ?
On every individual's fickle taste.
The narrow way the priest-rid mortals tread,
By superstitious prejudice misled—
This passage leads to heaven—yet strange to tell !
Another's conscience finds it leads to hell.
Conscience, the soul-chameleon's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.
The bloody son of Jesse when he saw
The mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himself an ephod to his mind,
And sought the Lord, and always found him kind ;
In murder, horrid cruelty, and lust,
The Lord was with him, and his actions just.

Priestcraft, thou universal blind of all,
Thou idol, at whose feet all nations fall,
Father of misery, origin of sin,
Whose first existence did with fear begin ;
Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
Veil thy Elysium with a cloud of doubt—
Since present blessings in possession cloy
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy—
Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,
And dawning reason would direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold ;
Perhaps they'll think the glaring spangle gold,
And, maddened in the search of coins and toys,
Eager pursue the momentary joys.

Mercator worships mammon, and adores
No other deity but gold and w——s.
Catcott is very fond of talk and fame ;
His wish, a perpetuity of name ;
Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,
To bear his name, and signify his trade,
In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
The seeming happiness thou hast in view.
Unfinished chimneys, gaping spires complete,
Eternal fame on oval dishes beat ;
Ride four-inch bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after-time.
Horrid idea ! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name,
Unnoticed this in prose or tagging flower
He left his dinner to ascend the tower.
Then what avails thy anxious spitting pain ?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter set thy hand ;
Hammer with every power thou canst command ;
Stamp thy whole self, original as 'tis,
To propagate thy whimsies, name, and phiz—
Then, when the tottering spires or chimneys fall,
A Catcott shall remain admired by all.

Endo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
Is only happy when he's thought a wit—
Thinks I've more judgment than the whole reviews,
Because I always compliment his Muse ;
If any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-sickened at his thoughts.

To me he flies, his best-belovèd friend,
Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, sages—if not sleep-charmed by the rhyme—
Is flattery, much-lovèd flattery, any crime ?
Shall dragon satire exercise his sting,
And not insinuating flattery sing ?
Is it more noble to torment than please ?
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees !

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And speak of worth where merit cannot say ;
Let lazy Barton undistinguished snore,
Nor lash his generosity to Hoare ;
Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought ;
His active spirit, ever in display,
His great devotion when he draws to pray ;
His sainted soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
Thus in his happiness is placed ;
When in soft calm the waves of fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul ;
But what would make another man distressed,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest :
No disappointment can his peace invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made—
This character let grey Oxonians scan,
And tell me of what species he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticised,
Who damns good English if not latinised.
In Aristotle's scale the Muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays !

Versed in the mystic learning of the schools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees.
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catcott admires him for a fossil face.
When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had marked him almost man,
A solemn dulness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wond'rous wise.
But little had she read in nature's book,
That fools assume a philosophic look.

O Education ! ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong ;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate.
On every atom of the doctor's frame
Nature has stamped the pedant with his name ;
But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)
A licensed butcher of the human kind.
Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies ;
Death and our doctor closed her sparkling eyes.
O all ye powers, the guardians of the world !
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurled ?
Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail ?
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his cordial julep strike him dead.

But to return—in this wide sea of thought,
How shall we steer our notions as we ought ?
Content is happiness, as sages say,
But what's content ? The trifle of a day.

Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
 Nor be by superstition led aside.
 The saint and sinner, fool and wise, attain
 An equal share of easiness and pain.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS INTENDED MARRIAGE.

1. **M**ARRIAGE, dear M——, is a serious thing ;
 'Tis proper every man should think it so.
 'Twill either every human blessing bring,
 Or load thee with a settlement of woe.
2. Sometimes, indeed, it is a middle state,
 Neither supremely blest nor deeply curst ;
 A stagnant pool of life ; a dream of fate,
 In my opinion, of all states the worst.
3. Observe the partner of thy future state ;
 If no strong vice is stamped upon her mind,
 Take her ; and let her ease thy am'rous pain ;
 A little error proves her humankind.
4. What we call vices are not always such ;
 Some virtues scarce deserve the sacred name.
 Thy wife may love, as well as pray too much,
 And to another stretch her rising flame.
5. Choose no religionist ; whose every day
 Is lost to thee and thine, to none a friend.
 Know too, when pleasure calls the heart astray,
 The warmest zealot is the blackest fiend.

6. Let not the fortune first engross thy care,
Let it a second estimation hold.
A Smithfield-marriage is of pleasures bare,
And love, without the purse, will soon grow cold.
 7. Marry no lettered damsel, whose wise head
May prove it just to graft the horns on thine.
Marry no idiot, keep her from thy bed ;
What the brains want will often elsewhere shine.
 8. A disposition good, a judgment sound,
Will bring substantial pleasures in a wife.
Whilst love and tenderness in thee are found,
Happy and calm will be the married life.
-

ON THOMAS PHILLIPS'S DEATH.

TO Clayfield, long renowned the Muses' friend,
Presuming on his goodness this I send ;
Unknown to you, tranquillity, and fame,
In this address perhaps I am to blame.
This rudeness let necessity excuse,
And anxious friendship for a much loved Muse.
Twice have the circling hours unveiled the East
Since Horror found me and all pleasures ceased ;
Since every number tended to deplore ;
Since fame asserted, Phillips was no more.

Say, is he mansioned in his native spheres,
Or is't a vapour that exhales in tears ?

Swift as idea rid me of my pain,
 And let my dubious wretchedness be plain.
 It is too true ; the awful lyre is strung,
 His elegy the sister Muses sung.
 O may he live, and useless be the strain !
 Fly, generous Clayfield, rid me of my pain.
 Forgive my boldness, think the urgent cause,
 And who can bind necessity with laws.
 I wait, the admirer of your noble parts,
 You, friend to genius, sciences, and arts.

FABLES FOR THE COURT.

Addressed to Mr. Michael Clayfield of Bristol.

THE SHEPHERDS.

MORALS, as critics must allow,
 Are almost out of fashion now,
 And if we credit Dodsley's word,
 All applications are absurd.
 What has the author to be vain in,
 Who knows his fable wants explaining,
 And substitutes a second scene
 To publish what the first should mean ?
 Besides, it saucily reflects
 Upon the reader's intellects.
 When armed in metaphors and dashes,
 The bard some noble villain lashes,
 'Tis a direct affront, no doubt,
 To think he cannot find it out.
 The sing-song trifles of the stage,
 The happy favourites of the age,

Without a meaning crawl along,
And for a moral give a song.
The tragic Muse, once pure and chaste,
Is turned a w——, debauch'd by taste.
Poor Juliet never claims the tear
Till borne triumphant on the bier ;
And Ammon's son is never great
Till seated in his chair of state ;
And yet the harlot scarce goes down,
She's been so long upon the town,
Her morals never can be seen.
Not rigid Johnson seems to mean,
A tittering epilogue contains
The cobweb of a poet's brains.
If what the Muse prepares to write,
To entertain the public sight,
Should in its characters be known,
The knowledge is the reader's own.
When villainy and vices shine,
You won't find Sandwich in the line ;
When little rascals rise to fame,
Sir Fletcher cannot read his name ;
Nor will the Muse digressive run
To call the king his mother's son,
But plodding on the beaten way,
With honest North prepares the lay,
And should the meaning figures please
The dull reviews of laughing ease,
No politician can dispute
My knowledge of the Earl of Bute.

A flock of sheep, no matter where,
Was all an aged shepherd's care ;
His dogs were watchful, and he took

Upon himself the ruling crook ;
His boys, who wattled-in the fold,
Were never bought and never sold.
'Tis true, by strange affection led,
He visited a turnip bed ;
And, fearful of a winter storm,
Employed his wool to keep it warm ;
But that, comparatively set
Against the present heavy debt,
Was but a trifling piece of state,
And hardly made a villain great.
The shepherd died—the dreadful toll
Entreated masses for his soul.
The pious bosom and the back
Shone in the farce of courtly black.
The weeping laureate's ready pen
Lamented o'er the best of men ;
And Oxford sent her load of rhyme
In all varieties of chime,
Administ'ring due consolation,
Well seasoned with congratulation.
Cambridge her ancient lumber wrote,
And what could Cambridge do but quote ?
All sung, though very few could read,
And none but mercers mourned indeed.
The younger shepherd caught the crook,
And was a monarch in his look.
The flock rejoiced, and could no less
Than pay their duty and address ;
And Edinburgh was heard to sing,
" Now heaven be praised for such a king !"
All joined in joy and expectation,
And union echoed through the nation.
A council called——

THE PROPHECY.



I.

THIS truth of old was sorrow's friend,
"Times at the worst will surely mend."
The difficulty's then to know
How long oppression's clock can go ;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

II.

When Vice exalted takes the lead,
And Vengeance hangs but by a thread ;
Gay peeresses turned out o' doors ;
W——emasters, peers, and sons of w——s ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

III.

When vile Corruption's brazen face,
At council-board shall take her place ;
And lords-commissioners resort,
To welcome her at Britain's court ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth night.

IV.

See Pension's harbour large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier !
The entrance safe, by current led,
Tiding round G——'s jetty head ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

V.

When civil power shall snore at ease,
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace ;
When murderers sanctuary find,
And petticoats can justice blind ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VI.

Commerce o'er bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind that fills the sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And power is deaf to her complaint ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VII.

When raw projectors shall begin
Oppression's hedge to keep her in ;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good-night ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VIII.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state ;
And what the people did not give,
Is levied by prerogative ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IX.

When popish bishops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name ;
By treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

X.

When popish priest a pension draws,
From starved exchequer, for the cause
Commissioned, proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XI.

When, snug in power, sly recusants
Make laws for British protestants ;
And d——g William's revolution,
As justices claim execution ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XII.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence ;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIII.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Marked by the priest for sacrifice,
And doomed a victim for the sins
Of half the outs, and all the ins ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIV.

When stewards pass a boot account,
And credit for the gross amount ;
Then to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XV.

When scrutineers, for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends ;
Or judge as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five ;
Look up, ye Britons ! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XVI.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer ;
A prince, to purpled pride unknown !
No favourites disgrace the throne !
Look up, ye Britons ! sigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

XVII.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven years' lease, you sold, is out ;
No future contract to fulfil ;
Your tenants holding at your will ;
Raise up your heads ! your right demand,
For your redemption's in your hand.

XVIII.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Britain's true sons a bribe can scorn,
And die as free as they were born.
Virtue again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

TO MR. POWEL.

WHAT language, Powel ! can thy merits tell,
By Nature formed in every path t' excel ;
To strike the feeling soul with magic skill,
When every passion bends beneath thy will.
Loud as the howlings of the northern wind,
Thy scenes of anger harrow up the mind ;
But most thy softer tones our bosoms move,
When Juliet listens to her Romeo's love.
How sweet thy gentle movements then to see,
Each melting heart must sympathise with thee.

Yet, though designed in every walk to shine,
Thine is the furious, and the tender thine ;
Though thy strong feelings and thy native fire,
Still force the willing gazers to admire,
Though great thy praises for thy scenic art,
We love thee for the virtues of thy heart.

THE ART OF PUFFING.

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN.

VERSED by experience in the subtle art,
The mysteries of a title I impart ;
Teach the young author how to please the town
And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.
Since Curl, immortal, never-dying name !
A double-pica in the book of fame,
By various arts did various dunces prop,
And tickled every fancy to his shop ;
Who can, like Pottinger, ensure a book ?
Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke ?
Villains exalted in the midway sky,
Shall live again to drain your purses dry :
Nor yet unrivalled they ; see Baldwin comes,
Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums :
The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true,
What else can Paoli's supporter do ?
The trading wits endeavour to attain,
Like booksellers, the world's first idol—gain ;
For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
And hail his sentiment, though trite, divine ;
For this the patriotic bard complains,

And Bingley binds poor Liberty in chains ;
 For this was every reader's faith deceived,
 And Edmunds swore what nobody believed ;
 For this the wits in close disguises fight ;
 For this the varying politicians write ;
 For this each month new magazines are sold,
 With dulness filled and transcripts of the old.
 "The Town and Country" struck a lucky hit,
 Was novel, sentimental, full of wit.
 Aping her walk, the same success to find,
 "The Court and City" hobbles far behind.
 Sons of Apollo learn ; merit's no more
 Than a good frontispiece to grace the door.
 The author who invents a title well
 Will always find his covered dulness sell ;
 Flexney and every bookseller will buy,
 Bound in neat calf the work will never die.

JOURNAL SIXTH,

SATURDAY, 30TH SEPTEMBER 1769.

TIS mystery all, in every sect
 You find this palpable defect,
 The axis of the dark machine
 Is enigmatic and unseen.
 Opinion is the only guide
 By which our senses are supplied,
 Mere grief's conjecture, fancy's whim,
 Can make our reason side with him.
 But this discourse, perhaps, will be
 As little liked by you as me ;

I'll change the subject for a better,
And leave the doctor and his letter.
A priest whose sanctimonious face
Became a sermon, or a grace,
Could take an orthodox repast,
And left the knighted loin the last ;
To fasting very little bent,
He'd pray indeed till breath was spent.
Shrill was his treble as a cat,
His organs being choked with fat ;
In college quite as graceful seen
As Camplin or the lazy dean
(Who sold the ancient cross to Hoare
For one church dinner, nothing more,
The dean who sleeping on the book,
Dreams he is swearing at his cook).
This animated hill of oil
Was to another dean the foil.
They seemed two beasts of different kind,
Contra in politics and mind ;
The only sympathy they knew,
They both loved turtle a-la-stew.
The dean was empty, thin, and long,
As Fowler's back, or head, or song.
He met the rector in the street,
Sinking a canal with his feet.

"Sir," quoth the dean, with solemn nod,
"You are a minister of God ;
And, as I apprehend, should be
About such holy works as me.
But, cry your mercy, at a feast
You only show yourself a priest,
No sermon politic you preach,

No doctrine damnable you teach.
Did not we few maintain the fight,
Mystery might sink and all be light.
From house to house your appetite
In daily sojourn paints ye right.
Nor lies true orthodox you carry,
You hardly ever hang or marry.
Good Mr. Rector, let me tell ye
You've too much tallow in this belly.
Fast, and repent of every sin,
And grow, like me, upright and thin ;
Be active and assist your mother,
And then I'll own ye for a brother."

"Sir," quoth the rector in a huff,
"True, you're diminutive enough,
And let me tell ye, Mr. Dean,
You are as worthless, too, as lean ;
This mountain strutting to my face,
Is an undoubted sign of grace.
Grace, though you ne'er on turtle sup,
Will like a bladder blow you up,
A tun of claret swells your case
Less than a single ounce of grace."

"You're wrong," the bursting dean replied,
"Your logic's on the rough-cast side,
The minor's right, the major falls,
Weak as his modern honour's walls.
A spreading trunk, with rotten skin,
Shows very little's kept within ;
But when the casket's neat, not large,
We guess th' importance of the charge."

“Sir,” quoth the rector, “I’ve a story
Quite *apropos* to lay before ye.
A sage philosopher, to try
What pupil saw with reason’s eye,
Prepared three boxes, gold, lead, stone,
And bid three youngsters claim each one.
The first, a Bristol merchant’s heir,
Loved pelf above the charming fair ;
So ’tis not difficult to say,
Which box the dolthead took away.
The next, as sensible as me,
Desired the pebbled one, d’ye see.
The other, having scratched his head,
Considered though the third was lead,
’Twas metal still surpassing stone,
So claimed the leaden box his own.
Now to uncloseth they all prepare,
And hope alternate laughs at fear.
The golden case does ashes hold,
The leaden shines with sparkling gold,
But in the outcast stone they see
A jewel—such pray fancy me.”

“Sir,” quoth the dean, “I truly say
You tell a tale a pretty way ;
But the conclusion to allow—
’Fore-Gad, I scarcely can tell how.
A jewel ! fancy must be strong
To think you keep your water long.
I preach, thank gracious heaven, as clear
As any pulpit stander here,
But may the devil claw my face
If e’er I prayed for puffing grace,
To be a mountain, and to carry

Such a vile heap—I'd rather marry !
Each day to sweat three gallons full,
And span a furlong on my skull.
Lost to the melting joys of love—
Not to be borne—like justice move."

And here the dean was running on,
Through half a couplet having gone ;
Quoth rector peevish, " I shan't stay
To throw my precious time away.
The gen'rous Burgum having sent
A ticket as a compliment,
I think myself in duty bound
Six pounds of turtle to confound."

" That man you mention," answers dean,
" Creates in priests of sense the spleen.
His soul's as open as his hand,
Virtue distressed may both command ;
That ragged virtue is a w——e,
I always beat her from my door,
But Burgum gives, and giving shows
His honour leads him by the nose.
Ah ! how unlike the church divine,
Whose feeble lights on mountains shine,
And being placed so near the sky,
Are lost to every human eye.
His luminaries shine around
Like stars in the Cimmerian ground."

" Invidious slanderer !" quoth priest,
" O may I never scent a feast,
If thy curst conscience is as pure
As underlings in Whitfield's cure.
The church, as thy display has shown,

Is turned a bawd to lustful town ;
But what against the church you've said
Shall soon fall heavy on your head.
Is Burgum's virtue then a fault ?
Ven'son and heaven forbid the thought !
He gives, and never eyes return,
O may paste altars to him burn !
But whilst I talk with worthless you,
Perhaps the dinner waits——adieu."

This said, the rector trudged along,
As heavy as Fowlerian song.
The hollow dean, with fairy feet,
Stepped lightly through the dirty street.
At last, arrived at destined place,
The bulky doctor squeaks the grace.
" Lord bless the many-flavoured meat,
And grant us strength enough to eat !
May all and every mother's son
Be drunk before the dinner's done.
When we give thanks for dining well, oh !
May each grunt out in ritornello."
Amen ! resounds to distant tide,
And weapons clang on every side,
The oily river burns around,
And gnashing teeth make doleful sound.
Now is the busy president
In his own fated element,
In every look and action great,
His presence doubly fills the plate.
Nobly invited to the feast,
They all contribute gold at least.
The duke and president collected,
Alike beloved, alike respected.

[This poem immediately follows the other. It has no title, and is written upon the same paper, a whole sheet, folded into four columns. The line, "Alike beloved, alike respected," ends one column, with a little scrawl at the end; the next begins thus:—]

SAY, Baker, if experience hoar
Has yet unbolted wisdom's door,
What is this phantom of the mind,
This love, when sifted and refined?
When the poor lover fancy-frighted
Is with shadowy joys delighted,
A frown shall throw him in despair;
A smile shall brighten up his air.
Jealous without a seeming cause,
From flattering smiles he misery draws;
Again without his reason's aid,
His bosom's still, the devil's laid.
If this is love, my callous heart
Has never felt the rankling dart.
Oft have I seen the wounded swain,
Upon the rack of pleasing pain,
Full of his flame, upon his tongue
The quivering declaration hung,
When lost to courage, sense, and reason,
He talked of weather and the season.
Such tremors never coward me,
I'm flattering, impudent, and free,
Unmoved by frowns and low'ring eyes,
'Tis smiles I only ask and prize,
And when the smile is freely given,
You're in the highway road to heaven.
These coward lovers seldom find
That whining makes the ladies kind.
They laugh at silly, silent swains,

Who're fit for nothing but their chains.
'Tis an effrontery and tongue
On very oily hinges hung,
Must win the blooming, melting fair,
And show the joys of heaven here.
A rake, I take it, is a creature
Who winds through all the folds of nature ;
Who sees the passions, and can tell
How the soft beating heart shall swell.
Who, when he ravishes the joy,
Defies the torments of the boy.
Who, with the soul, the body gains,
And shares love's pleasures, not his pains.
Who holds his charmer's reputation
Above a tavern veneration,
And when a love repast he makes,
Not even prying fame partakes.
Who looks above a prostitute, he
Thinks love the only price of beauty,
And she that can be basely sold,
Is much beneath or love or gold.
Who thinks the almost dearest part
In all the body is the heart.
Without it rapture cannot rise,
Nor pleasures wanton in the eyes,
The sacred joy of love is dead,
Witness the sleeping marriage bed
This is the picture of a rake,
Show it the ladies—won't it take !

A buck's a beast of th' other side,
And réal but in hoofs and hide.
To nature and the passions dead,
A brothel is his house and bed ;

To fan the flame of warm desire
 And after wanton in the fire,
 He thinks a labour, and his parts
 Were not resigned to conquer hearts.

The girls of virtue when he views,
 Dead to all converse but the stews,
 Silent as death, he's nought to say,
 But sheepish steals himself away.
 This is a buck to life displayed,
 A character to charm each maid.
 Now prithee, friend, a choice to make,
 Wouldst choose the buck before the rake ?

The buck, as brutal as the name,
 Envenoms every charmer's fame,
 And though he never touched her hand,
 Protests he had her at command.
 The rake, in gratitude for pleasure,
 Keeps reputation dear as treasure.

[After these points follows without title.]

But Hudibrastics may be found
 To tire ye with repeated sound,
 So changing for a Shandeyan style,
 I ask your favour and your smile.

ODE.—RECITATIVE.

In his wooden palace jumping,
 Tearing, sweating, bawling, thumping,
 "Repent, repent, repent,"
 The mighty Whitfield cries,
 Oblique lightning in his eyes,

“Or die and be damned !” all round,
 The long-eared rabble grunt in dismal sound,
 “Repent, repent, repent,”
 Each concave mouth replies.

The comet of gospel, the lanthorn of light
 Is rising and shining,
 Like candles at night.
 He shakes his ears,
 He jumps, he stares,
 Hark, he’s whining,
 The shorthand saints prepare to write,
 And high they mount their ears.

AIR.

“Now the devil take ye all,
 Saints or no saints, all in a lump,
 Here must I labour and bawl,
 And thump, and thump, and thump ;
 And never a sous* to be got,
 Unless—I swear by Jingo,
 A greater profit’s made
 I’ll forswear my trade,
 My gown and market lingo,
 And leave ye all to pot.”

RECITATIVE.

Now he raves like brindled cat
 Now ’tis thunder,
 Rowling,
 Growling,
 Rumbling,
 Grumbling,

* He means a sou.

Noise and nonsense, jest and blunder.
Now he chats of this and that,
No more the soul jobber,
No more the sly robber,
He's now an old woman who talks to her cat.
Again he starts, he beats his breast,
He rolls his eyes, erects his chest,
Hark ! hark ! the sound begins,
'Tis a bargain and sale for remission of sins.

AIR.

" Say, beloved congregation,
In the hour of tribulation,
Did the power of man affray me ?
Say ye wives and say ye daughters,
Han't I staunched your running waters ?
I have laboured, pay me, pay me !

I have given absolution,
Don't withhold your contribution,
Men and angels should obey me—
Give but freely ; you've remission
For all sins without condition ;
You're my debtors, pay me, pay me ! "

RECITATIVE.

Again he's lost, again he chatters
Of lace, and bobbin, and such matters.
A thickening vapour swells—
Of Adam's fall he tells ;
Dark as twice ten thousand hells
Is the gibberish which he spatters

Now a most dismal elegy he sings,
Groans, doleful groans are heard about,
The Issacharian rout
Swell the sharp howl, and loud the sorrow rings.

He sung a modern buck whose end
Was blinded prejudice and zeal,
In life to every vice a friend,
Unfixed as fortune on her wheel.
He lived a buck, he died a fool,
So let him to oblivion fall,
Who thought a wretched body all,
Untaught in nature's or the passion's school.

Now he takes another theme,
Thus he tells his waking dream.

AIR.

"After fasting, and praying, and grunting, and weeping,
My guardian angel beheld me fast sleeping,
And instantly capering into my brain
Relieved me from prison of bodily chain.
The soul can be everything, as you all know,
And mine was transformed to the shape of a crow."
(The preacher or metre has surely mistook
For all must confess that a parson's a rook.)

"Having wings, as I think I informed ye before,
I shot through a cavern and knocked at hell's door.
Out comes Mr. Porter Devil,
And I'll assure ye very civil

“ ‘Dear sir,’ ” quoth he, ‘ pray step within,
The company is drinking tea,
We have a stranger just come in,
A brother from the Triple Tree. ’ ”

“ Well, in I walked, and what d’ye think ?
Instead of sulphur, fire, and stink,
’Twas like a masquerade,
All grandeur, all parade.
Here stood an amphitheatre,
There stood the small Haymarket House,
With devil actors very clever,
Who without blacking did Othello,
And truly a huge hornèd fellow
Told me, he hoped I would endeavour
To learn a part, and get a sous,
For pleasure was the business there.

“ A lawyer asked me for a fee,
To plead my right to drinking tea ;
I begged his pardon, to my thinking
I’d rather have a cheering cup,
For tea was but insipid drinking,
And brandy raised the spirits up.
So having seen a place in hell,
I strait awoke, and found all well.”

RECITATIVE.

Now again his cornets sounding,
Sense and harmony confounding,
Reason tortured, scripture twisted,
Into every form of fancy.
Forms which never yet existed,
And but his oblique optics can see.

He swears,
 He tears,
 With sputtered nonsense now he breaks the ears ;
 At last the sermon and the paper ends.
 He whines, and hopes his well-beloved friends,
 Will contribute their sous,
 To pay the arrears for building a house.
 With spiritual doctors, and doctors for poxes,
 Who all must be satisfied out of the boxes.
 Hark, hark, his cry resounds,
 " Fire and thunder, blood and wounds,
 Contribute, contribute
 And pay me my tribute,
 Or the devil, I swear,
 Shall hunt ye as sportsmen would hunt a poor hare.
 Whoever gives, unto the Lord he lends."
 The saint is melted, pays his fee, and wends ;
 And here the tedious, length'ning Journal ends.

RESIGNATION.*

HAIL, Resignation, hail ! ambiguous dame !
 Thou Parthian archer in the fight of fame,
 When thou hast drawn the mystic veil between,
 'Tis the poor minister's concluding scene :
 Sheltered beneath thy pinions, he withdraws,
 And tells us his integrity's the cause.
 Sneaking to solitude, he rails at state,
 And rather would be virtuous than be great ;
 Laments the impotence of those who guide,
 And wishes public clamours may subside.

* The Duke of Grafton resigned the premiership, 28th January 1770.

But while such rogues as North or Sandwich steer,
Our grievances will never disappear.

Hail, Resignation ! 'tis from thee we trace
The various villainies of power and place ;
When rascals, once but infamy and rags,
Rich with a nation's ruin, swell their bags,
Purchase a title and a royal smile,
And pay to be distinguishably vile ;
When big with self-importance thus they shine,
Contented with their gleanings they resign !
When ministers, unable to preside,
The tottering vehicle no longer guide,
The powerful Thane prepares to kick his Grace
From all his glorious dignities of place ;
But still the honour of the action's thine,
And Grafton's tender conscience can resign !
Lament not, Grafton, that thy hasty fall
Turns out a public happiness to all ;
Still, by your emptiness of look, appear
The ruins of a man who used to steer ;
Still wear that insignificance of face
Which dignifies you more than power or place.
Whilst now the Constitution tottering stands,
And needs the firm support of able hands,
Your Grace stood foremost in the glorious cause,
To shake the very basis of our laws ;
But, thanks to Camden and a noble few,
They stemmed Oppression's tide, and conquer'd you
How can your prudence be completely praised
In flying from the storm yourself had raised ?
When the black clouds of discord veiled the sky,
'Twas more than prudence in your Grace to fly ;
For had the thunders burst upon your head.

Soon had you mingled with the headless dead :
Not Bute, though here the deputy of fate
Could save so vile a minister of state.
Oft as the Carlton Sibyl* prophesied
How long each minister of state should guide,
And from the dark recesses of her cell,
When Bute was absent, would to Stuart tell
The secret fates of senators and peers,
What lord's exalted but to lose his ears,
What future plans the Junto have designed,
What writers are with Rockingham combined,
Who should accept a privy seal or rod,
Who's lord-lieutenant of the land of Nod,
What pensioned nobleman should hold his post,
What poor dependant scored without his host,
What patriot, big with popular applause,
Should join the ministry and prop the cause,
With many secrets of a like import,
The daily tittle-tattle of a court,
By common fame retail'd as office news
In coffee-houses, taverns, cellars, stews ;
Oft from her secret casket would she draw
A knotty plan to undermine the law ;
But though the council sat upon the scheme,
Time has discovered that 'tis all a dream ;
Long had she known the date of Grafton's power,
And in her tablet marked his flying hour :
Rumour reports a message from her cell
Arrived but just three hours before he fell.
Well knew the subtle minister of state
Her knowledge in the mysteries of fate,
And, catching every pension he could find,
Obeyed the fatal summons—and resigned !

* The Princess Dowager of Wales.

Far in the north, amidst whose dreary hills
None hear the pleasant murmuring sound of rills,
Where no soft gale in dying rapture blows,
Or aught which bears the look of verdure grows,
Save where the north wind cuts the solemn yew,
And russet rushes drink the noxious dew,
Dank exhalations drawn from stagnant moors—
The morning dress of Caledonia's shores—
Upon a bleak and solitary plain,
Exposed to every storm of wind and rain,
A humble cottage rear'd its lowly head,
Its roof with matted reeds and rushes spread ;
The walls were osiers daubed with slimy clay,
One narrow entrance opened to the day.
Here lived a Laird, the ruler of his clan,
Whose fame through every northern mountain ran ;
Great was his learning, for he long had been
A student at the town of Aberdeen ;
Professor of all languages at once,
To him some reckoned Chappellow a dunce.
With happy fluency he learned to speak
Syriac or Latin, Arabic or Greek ;
Not any tongue in which Oxonians sing
When they rejoice, or blubber with the king,
To him appeared unknown : with sapient look
He taught the Highland meaning of each crook ;
But often, when to pastimes he inclined,
To give some relaxation to his mind,
He laid his books aside—forgot to read—
To hunt wild goslings down the river Tweed,
To chase a starving weasel from her bed,
And wear the spoil triumphant on his head.
'Tis true his rent-roll just maintained his state
But some, in spite of poverty, are great.

Though famine sunk her impress on his face,
Still you might there his haughty temper trace.
Descended from a catalogue of kings,
Whose warlike arts McPherson sweetly sings,
He bore the majesty of monarchs past,
Like a tall pine rent with the winter's blast,
Whose spreading trunk and withered branches show
How glorious once the lordly tree might grow.

Of all the warring passions in his breast,
Ambition still presided o'er the rest :
This is the spur which actuates us all,
The visionary height whence thousands fall,
The author's hobby-horse, the soldier's steed,
Which aids him in each military deed,
The lady's dresser, looking-glass, and paint,
The warm devotion of the seeming saint.

Sawney, the nobler ruler of the clan,
Had numbered o'er the riper years of man,
Graceful in stature, ravishing his mien,
To make a conquest was but to be seen.
Fired by ambition, he resolved to roam
Far from the famine of his native home,
To seek the warmer climate of the south,
And at one banquet feast his eyes and mouth.
In vain the amorous Highland lass complained,
The son of monarchs would not be restrained ;
Clad in his native many-coloured suit,
Forth struts the walking majesty of Bute.
His spacious sword, to a large wallet strung,
Across his broad, capacious shoulders hung :
As from the hills the land of promise rose,
A secret transport in his bosom glows ;
A joy prophetic, until then unknown,
Assured him all he viewed would be his own.

New scenes of pleasure recreate his sight,
He views the fertile meadows with delight ;
Still in soliloquy he praised the view,
Nor was more pleased with future scenes at Kew.
His wonder broke in murmurs from his tongue.
No more the praise of Highland hills he sung,
Till now a stranger to the cheerful green
Where springing flowers diversify the scene,
The lofty elm, the oak of lordly look,
The willow shadowing the bubbling brook,
The hedges blooming with the sweets of May,
With double pleasure marked his gladsome way.
Having through varying rural prospects passed,
He reached the great metropolis at last.

Here fate beheld him as he trudged the street,
Bare was his buttocks and unshod his feet,
A lengthening train of boys displayed him great,
He seemed already minister of state.
The Carlton Sibyl saw his graceful mien,
And straight forgot her hopes of being Queen.

She sighed, she wished ; swift virtuous Chudleigh
flew

To bring the Caledonian swain to Kew ;
Then introduced him to her secret cell—
What further can the modest numbers tell ?

None rode the broomstaff with so good a grace,
Or pleased her with such majesty of face ;
Enraptured with her incubus, she sought
How to reward his merit as she ought.
Resolved to make him greatest of the great,
She led him to her hidden cave of state ;

There spurs and coronets were placed around,
And privy seals were scattered on the ground ;
Here piles of honorary truncheons lay,
And gleaming stars made artificial day,
With mystic rods, whose magic power is such
They metamorphose parties with a touch.
Here hung the princely——* of gartered blue,
With flags of all varieties of hue.
“ These,” said the Sibyl, “ from this present hour
Are thine, with every dignity of power.
No statesman shall be titularly great,
None shall obtain an office in the state,
But such whose principles and manners suit
The virtuous temper of the Earl of Bute.
All shall pursue thy interest, none shall guide
But such as you repute are qualified.
No more on Scotland’s melancholy plain
Your starving countrymen shall drink the rain,
But hither hastening on their naked feet,
Procure a place, forget themselves, and eat.
No southern patriot shall oppose my will,
If not my look, my Treasurer can kill ;
His pistol never fails in time of need,
And who dares contradict my power shall bleed.
A future Barrington will also rise,
With blood and death to entertain my eyes—
But this forestalls futurity and fate,
I’ll choose the present hour to make thee great.”
He bowed submission, and with eager view
Gazed on the withered oracle of Kew.
She seized a pendant garter, and began
To elevate the ruler of the clan,

* Illegible in MS.

Girt round his leg the honoured trifle shown,
And gathered double lustre from the throne :
With native dignity he filled the stall,
The wonder, jest, and enmity of all.
Not yet content with honorary grace,
The Sibyl, busy for the sweets of place,
Kick'd out a minister, the people's pride,
And lifted Sawney in his place to guide.
The Leader of the Treasury he rose,
Whilst fate marked down the nation's future woes.
Mad with ambition, his imperious hand
Scattered oppression through a groaning land.
Still taxes followed taxes, grants, supplies,
With every ill resulting from excise. .
Not satisfied with this unjust increase,
He struck a bolder stroke, and sold the peace :
The Gallic millions so convinced his mind,
On honourable terms the treaty's signed.

But who his private character can blame,
Or brand his titles with a villain's name ?
Upon an estimation of the gains,
He stoop'd beneath himself to take the reins,
A good economist, he served the crown,
And made his master's interest his own.
His starving friends and countrymen applied
To share the ministry, assist to guide ;
Nor ask'd in vain :—his charitable hand
Made Plenty smile in Scotland's barren land,
Her wandering sons, for poverty renown'd,
Places and pensions, bribes or titles found.
Far from the south was humble merit fled.
And on the northern mountains rear'd her head ;
And genius, having ranged beyond the Tweed,

Sat brooding upon bards who could not read ;
Whilst courage, boasting of his Highland might,
Mentions not Culloden's inglorious flight :
But whilst his lordship fills the honour'd stall,
Ample provision satisfies them all.
The genius sings his praise, the soldier swears
To mutilate each murmuring caitiff's ears ;
The father of his country they adore,
And live in elegance unknown before.
Nor yet unthankful he for power and place ;
He praised the Sibyl with distinguish'd grace.*

Around this mystic sun of liquid gold
A swarm of planetary statesmen roll'd ;
Though some have since as ministers been known,
They shone with borrow'd lustre not their own :
In every revolution, day and night,
From Bute they caught each particle of light :
He destined out the circles they fulfil,
Hung on the bulky nothing of his will.

How shall I brand with infamy a name
Which bids defiance to all sense of shame ?
How shall I touch his iron soul with pain,
Who hears unmoved a multitude complain ?
A multitude made wretched by his hand,
The common curse and nuisance of the land.
Holland, of thee I sing—infernal wretch !
Say, can thy power of mischief further stretch ?
Is there no other army to be sold,
No town to be destroy'd for bribes and gold ?
Or wilt thou rather sit contented down
And starve the subject to enrich the crown ?

* Twelve lines are here omitted.

That when the treasury can boast supplies,
Thy pilfering genius may have exercise :
Whilst unaccounted millions pay thy toil,
Thou art secure if Bute divides the spoil.
Catching his influence from the best of kings,
Vice broods beneath the shadow of his wings ;
The vengeance of a nation is defied,
And liberty and justice set aside.
Distinguished robber of the public, say,
What urged thy timid spirit's hasty way ?
Sheltered in the protection of a king.
Did recollection paint the fate of Byng ?
Did conscience hold that mirror to thy sight,
Or Aylyffe's ghost accompany thy flight ?
Is Bute more powerful than the scepter'd hand,
Or art thou safer in a foreign land ?
In vain, the scene relinquished, now you grieve,
Cursing the moment you were forced to leave
Thy ruins, on the Isle of Thanet built,
The fruits of plunder, villainy, and guilt.
When you presume on English ground to tread,
Justice will lift her weapon at your head.
Contented with the author of your state,
Maintain the conversation of the great.
Be busy in confederacy and plot,
And settle what shall be on what is not ;
Display the statesman in some wild design,
Foretell when North will tumble and resign,
How long the busy Sandwich, mad for rule,
Will lose his labour and remain a fool ;
But your accounts, the subject of debate,
Are much beneath the notice of the great.
Let bribed exchequer-tellers find 'em just,
While, on the penalty of place, they must ;

Before they're seen, your honesty is clear,
And all will evidently right appear.

When as a Minister you had your day,
And gathered light from Bute's superior ray,
His striking representative you shone,
And seemed to glimmer in yourself alone ;
The lives of thousands bartered for a bribe,
With villainies too shocking to describe ;
Your system of oppression testified
None but the conscientious Fox could guide.
As Bute is fix'd eternal in his sphere,
And Ministers revolve around in air,
Your infamy, with such a lasting ray,
Glowed through your orb in one continual day :
Still ablest politicians hold dispute
Whether you gave or borrowed light from Bute.
Lost in the blaze of his superior parts,
We often have descried your little arts ;
But at a proper distance from his sphere
We saw the little villain disappear :
When dressed in titles, the burlesque of place,
A more illustrious rascal showed his face ;
Your destined sphere of Ministry now run,
You dropped like others in the parent sun ;
There as a spot you purpose to remain,
And seek protection in the Sibyl's swain.
Grafton his planetary life began,
Though foreign to the system of the clan ;
Slowly he rolled around the fount of light,
Long was his day, but longer was his night.
Irregular, unequal in his course,
Now languid he revolves, now rolls with force !
His scarce-collected light, obliquely hurl'd,

Was scattered ere it reached his frozen world.
Through all his under offices of place,
All had conspired to represent his Grace ;
Lifeless and dull the wheels of state were driven,
Slow as a courtier on his road to heaven.
If expedition urged the dull machine,
He knew so little of the golden mean,
Swift hurry and confusion wild began
To discompose the Thane's determined plan.
Error, his secretary, lent his aid
To undermine each plot his cunning laid ;
He wrote despatches in his Grace's name,
And ruined every project North could frame ;
Yet, as he blundered through the lengthened night,
He seriously protested all was right,
Since dissipation is thy only joy,
Go, Grafton, join the dance, and act the boy ;
'Tis not for fops in cabinets to shine,
And justice must confess that title's thine ;
Dress to excess and powder into fame,
In drums and hurricanes exalt your name.
There you may glitter, there your worth may rise
Above the little reach of vulgar eyes ;
But in the high departments of the state
Your talents are too trifling to be great :
There all your imperfections rise to view,
Not Sandwich so contemptible as you.
Bute from the summit of his power descried
Your glaring inability to guide,
And mustering every rascal in his gang,
Who might for merit altogether hang,
From the black catalogue and worthy crew,
The Jesuitical and scheming few,
Selected by the leader of the clan,

Received instructions for their future plan,
And after proper adoration paid,
Were to their destined sphere of state convey'd,
To shine the Minister's satellites,
Collect his light, and give his lordship ease,
Reform his crooked politics, and draw
A more severe attack upon the law ;
Settle his erring revolutions right,
And give in just proportion day and night.
Alas ! the force of Scottish pride is such,
These mushrooms of a day presumed too much.
Conscious of cunning and superior arts,
They scorned the Minister's too trifling parts ;
Grafton resents a treatment so unjust,
And damns the Carlton Sibyl's fiery lust,
By which a scoundrel Scot oppressed the realm,
And rogues, below contempt, disgraced the helm.
Swift scandal caught the accents as they fell,
And bore them to the Sibyl's secret cell.
Enraged, she winged a messenger to Bute,
Some Minister more able to depute ;
Her character and virtue was a jest,
Whilst Grafton was of useless power possessed.
This done, her just desire of vengeance warm,
She gave him notice of the bursting storm.
Timid and dubious, Grafton faced about,
And trembled at the thoughts of being out ;
But as no laws the Sibyl's power confined,
He dropped his blushing honours and resigned.
Step forward, North ! and let the doubtful see
Wonders and miracles revived in thee.
Did not the living witness haunt the court,
What ear had given faith to my report ?
Amidst the rout of ministerial slaves,

Rogues who want genius to refine to knaves,
Who could imagine that the wretch most base
Should fill the highest infamy of place ?
That North, the vile domestic of a peer,
Whose name an Englishman detests to hear,
Should leave his trivial share of Bedford's gains,
Become a Minister, and take the reins ;
And from the meanest of the gang ascend
Above his worthy governor and friend ?
This wondrous metamorphose of an hour
Sufficiently evinced the Sibyl's power
To ruin nations, little rogues to raise,
A virtue supernatural displays ;
What but a power infernal or divine
Could honour North, or make his Grace resign ?

Some superficial politicians tell,
When Grafton from his gilded turret fell,
The Sibyl substituted North a blank,
A mustered fagot to complete the rank,
Without a distant thought that such a tool
Would change its being and aspire to rule ;
But such the humble North's indulgent fate,
When striding in the saddle of the state,
He caught by inspiration statesmanship,
And drove the slow machine and smack'd his whip ;
Whilst Bedford, wondering at his sudden skill,
With reverence viewed the packhorse of his will.

His Majesty (the buttons thrown aside)
Declared his fixed intention to preside.
No longer sacrificed to every knave,
He'd show himself discreet as well as brave ;

In every cabinet and council cause
He'd be dictator and enforce the laws ;
Whilst North should in his present office stand
As understrapper to direct his hand.

Now, Expectation, now extend thy wing !
Happy the land whose minister's a king !
Happy the king who, ruling each debate,
Can peep through every roguery of state !
See Hope, arrayed in robes of virgin white,
Trailing an arched variety of light,
Comes showering blessings on a ruined realm,
And shows the crowned director of the helm.
Return, fair Goddess ! till some future day,
The king has seen the error of his way ;
And by his smarting shoulders seems to feel
The wheel of state is not a Catherine wheel.
Wise by experience, general nurse of fools,
He leaves the Ministry to venal tools,
And finds his happy talents better suit
The making buttons for his favourite Bute ;
In countenancing the unlawful views
Which North, the delegate of Bute, pursues ;
In glossing with authority a train
Whose names are infamy and objects gain.

Hail, filial duty ! great if rightly used,
How little when mistaken and abused !
Viewed from one point, how glorious art thou seen !
From others, how degenerate and mean !
A seraph or an idiot's head we see :
Oft on the latter stands the type of thee,
And bowing at his parent's knee is dressed
In a long hood and many-coloured vest.

The sceptred king who dignifies a throne
Should be in private life himself alone ;
No friend or mother should his conscience scan,
Or with the nation's head confound the man.
Like juggling Melchi Zadok's priestish plea,
Collected in himself a king should be.
But truths may be unwelcome, and the lay
Which shall to royal ears such truths convey,
The conflagrations of the hangman's hire
May roast and execute with foreign fire.
The Muse who values safety shall return,
And sing of subjects where she cannot burn.
Continue, North, thy vile burlesque of power,
And reap the harvest of the present hour ;
Collect and fill thy coffers with the spoil,
And let thy gatherings recompense thy toil,
Whilst the rogues out revile the rascals in,
Repeat the proverb, " Let those laugh that win."
Fleeting and transitory is the date
Of sublunary ministers of state ;
Then, whilst thy summer lasts, prepare thy hay,
Nor trust to autumn and a future day.

I leave thee now, but with intent to trace
The villains and the honest men of place.
The first are still assisting in thy train
To aid the pillage and divide the gain.
The last, of known integrity of mind,
Forsook a venal party and resigned !

Come, Satire ! aid me to display the first,
Of every honest Englishman accursed ;
Come, Truth ! assist me to prepare the lays,
Where worth demands, and give the latter praise.

Ingenious Sandwich, whither dost thou fly
To shun the censure of the public eye ?
Dost thou want matter for another speech,
Or other works of genius to impeach ?
Or would thy insignificance and pride
Presume above thyself and seek to guide ?
Pursue thy ignis-fatuus of power,
And call to thy assistance virtuous Gower ;
Set Rigby's happy countenance in play
To vindicate whatever you can say.
Then, when you totter into place and fame,
With double infamy you brand your name.
Say, Sandwich, in the winter of your date,
Can you ascend the hobby-horse of state ?
Do titles echo grateful in your ear ?
Or is it mockery to call you peer ?
In —— silvered age to play the fool,
And —— with rascals infamous a tool,
Plainly denote your judgment is no more,
Your honour was extinguished long before.

Say, if reflection ever blessed thy mind,
Hast thou one real friend among mankind ?
Thou hadst one once, free, generous, and sincere,
Too good a senator for such a peer ;
Him thou hast offered as a sacrifice
To lewdness, immorality, and vice :
Your patronising scoundrels set the gin,
And friendship was the bait to draw him in.
What honourable villain could they find
Of Sandwich's latitudinary mind ?
Though intimacy seemed to stop the way,
You they employed to tempt him and betray.
Full well you executed their commands,

Well you deserved the pension at their hands.
For you, in hours of trifling, he compiled
A dissertation blasphemous and wild.
Be it recorded, too, at your desire,
He called for demons to assist his lyre ;
Relying on your friendship, soon he found
How dangerous the support of rotten ground.
In your infernal attributes arrayed,
You seized the wished-for poem and betrayed.

Hail, mighty Twitcher ! can my feeble line
Give due reward to merit such as thine ?
Not Churchill's keenest satire ever reached
The conscience of the rascal who impeached.
My humble numbers and untutored lay
On such a hardened wretch are thrown away ;
I leave thee to the impotent delight
Of visiting the harlots of the night :
Go, hear thy nightingale's enchanting strain,
My satire shall not dart a sting in vain.
There you may boast one sense is entertained,
Though age present your other senses pained :
Go, Sandwich, if thy fire of lust compel,
Regale at Harrington's religious cell.

Exert your poor endeavours as you please,
The jest and bubble of the harlot crew ;
What entertained your youth, in age pursue.
When Grafton shook oppression's iron rod,
Like Egypt's lice, the instrument of God ;
When Camden, driven from his office, saw
The last weak efforts of expiring law ;
When Bute, the regulator of the state,
Preferred the vicious, to supplant the great ;

When rank corruption through all orders ran,
And infamy united Sawney's clan ;
When every office was with rogues disgraced,
And the Scotch dialect became the taste—
Could Beaufort with such creatures stay behind ?
No ; Beaufort was a Briton, and resigned.
Thy resignation, Somerset, shall shine
When time hath buried the recording line,
And, proudly glaring in the rolls of fame,
With more than titles decorate thy name.
Amidst the gathered rascals of the age,
Who murder noble parts, the court their stage,
One nobleman of honesty remains,
Who scorns to draw in ministerial chains ;
Who honours virtue and his country's peace,
And sees with pity grievances increase ;
Who bravely left all sordid views of place,
And lives, the honour of the Beaufort race.

Deep in the secret, Barrington and Gower
Raised upon villainy, aspire to power ;
Big with importance, they presume to rise
Above a minister they must despise ;
Whilst Barrington, as secretary, shows
How many pensions paid his blood and blows ;
And Gower, the humbler creature of the two,
Has only future prospects in his view.
But North requires assistance from the great,
To work another button in the state,
That Weymouth may complete the birthday suit,
Full trimmed by Twitcher, and cut out by Bute.
So many worthy schemers must produce
A statesman's coat of universal use ;
Some system of economy, to save

Another million for another knave ;
Some plan to make a duty, large before,
Additionally great, to grind the poor :
For 'tis a maxim with the guiding wise,
Just as the commons sink, the rich arise.

If Ministers and privy-council knaves
Would rest contented with their being slaves,
And not, with anxious infamy, pursue
Those measures which will fetter others too,
The swelling cry of liberty would rest,
Nor Englishmen complain, nor knaves protest.
But courtiers have a littleness of mind,
And, once enslaved, would fetter all mankind.
'Tis to this narrowness of soul we owe
What further ills our liberties shall know ;
'Tis from this principle our feuds began,
Fomented by the Scots, ignoble clan.
Strange that such little creatures of a tool,
By lust, and not by merit, raised to rule,
Should sow contention in a noble land,
And scatter thunders from a venal hand.
Gods ! that these flyblows of a stallion's day,
Warm'd into being by the Sibyl's ray,
Should shake the constitution, rights, and laws,
And prosecute the Man of Freedom's cause !
Whilst Wilkes to every Briton's right appealed,
With loss of liberty that right he sealed :
Imprison'd and oppress'd he persevered,
Nor Sawney or his powerful Sibyl fear'd.
The hag, replete with malice from above,
Shot poison on the screech-owl of her love :
Unfortunately to his pen it fell,
And flowed in double rancour to her cell.

Madly she raved, to ease her tortured mind,
The object of her hatred is confined ;
But he, supported by his country's laws,
Bid her defiance, for 'twas freedom's cause.
Her Treasurer and Talbot fought in vain,
Though each attain'd his favourite object—gain.
She sat as usual when a project fails,
Damn'd Chudleigh's phiz, and dined upon her
nails.

Unhappy land ! whose govern'd Monarch sees
Through glasses and perspective such as these.
When juggling to deceive his untried sight,
He views the Ministry all trammell'd right ;
Whilst, to his eye the other glass applied,
His subjects' failings are all magnified.
Unheeded the petitions are received,
Nor one retort of grievances believed ;
'Tis but the voice of faction in disguise
That blinds with liberty the people's eyes :
'Tis riot and licentiousness pursues
Some disappointed placeman's private *views*.
And shall such venal creatures steer the helm,
Waving Oppression's banners round the realm ?
Shall Britons to the vile detested troop,
Forgetting ancient honour, meanly stoop ?
Shall we our rights and liberties resign,
To lay those jewels at a woman's shrine ?
No ; let us still be Britons : be it known,
The favours we solicit are our own.
Engage, ye Britons, in the glorious task,
And stronger still enforce the things you ask :
Assert your rights, remonstrate with the throne,
Insist on liberty, and that alone.

Alas ! America, thy ruined cause
Displays the Ministry's contempt of laws.
Unrepresented, thou art taxed, excised,
By creatures much too vile to be despised ;
The outcast of an ousted gang are sent
To bless thy commerce with . . . * government.
Whilst pity rises to behold thy fate,
We see thee in this worst of troubles great ;
Whilst anxious for thy wavering dubious cause,
We give thy proper spirit due applause.
If virtuous Grafton's sentimental taste
Is in his measures or his mistress placed,
In either 'tis originally rare ;
One shows the midnight cully, one the peer :
Review him, Britons, with a proper pride—
Was this a statesman qualified to guide ?
Was this the Minister whose mighty hand
Has scattered civil discord through the land ?
Since smallest trifles, when ordained by fate,
Rise into power and counteract the great,
What shall we call thee, Grafton ? Fortune's whip ?
Or, rather, the burlesque of statesmanship ?
When, daring in thy insolence of place,
Bold in an empty majesty of face,
We saw thee exercise thy magic rod,
And form a titled villain with a nod ;
Turn out the virtuous, airily advance
The members of the council in a dance,
And honouring Sandwich with a serious *air*,
Commend the fancy of his solitaire.
These were thy actions, worthy of record,
Worthy the bubbled wretch and venal lord.
Since villainy is meritorious grown,

* This hiatus occurs in the MS.

Step forward, for thy merit's not unknown.
What Mansfield's conscience shudder'd to receive,
Thy mercenary temper cannot leave.
Reversions, pensions, bribes, and titled stews,
What mortal scoundrel can such things refuse ?
If Dunning's nice integrity of mind
Will not in pales of interest be confined,
Let his uncommon honesty resign,
And boast the empty pension of the nine :
A Thurlow, grasping every offered straw,
Shines his successor, and degrades the law.
How like the Ministry who linked his chains,
His measures tend incessantly to gains !

If Weymouth dresses to the height of taste,
At once with fifty . . . * places laced,
Can such a summer insect of the state
Be otherwise than in externals great ?
Thou bustling marplot of each hidden plan,
How wilt thou answer to the Sibyl's man ?
Did thy own shallow politics direct
To treat the Mayor with purposed disrespect ?
Or did it come in orders from above,
From her who sacrificed her soul to love ?
Rigby, whose conscience is a perfect dice,
A just epitome of every vice,
Replete with what accomplishments support
The empty admiration of a court,
Yet wants a barony to grace record,
And hopes to lose the rascal in the lord.
His wish is granted, and the King prepares
A title of renown, to brand his heirs.

* A word omitted in the MS.

When vice creates the patent for a peer,
What lord so nominally great as Clare ?
Whilst Chatham, from his coroneted oak,
Unheeded, shook the senate with his croak,
The Minister, too powerful to be right,
Laughed at his prophecy and second sight,
Since Mother Shipton's oracle of state
Forestalled the future incidents of fate.
Grafton might shake his elbows, dance, and dream,
'Twere labour lost to strive against the stream.
If Grafton, in his juggling statesman's game,
Bubbled for interest, betted but for fame,
The leader of the Treasury could pay
For every loss in politics and play.
Sir Fletcher's noisy eloquence of tongue
Is on such pliant, oily hinges hung,
Turned to all points of politics and doubt,
But though for ever worsted, never out.
Can such a wretched creature take the chair,
And exercise his new-made power with air ?
This worthy speaker of a worthy crew
Can write long speeches, and repeat them too ;
A practised lawyer in the venal court,
From higher powers he borrows his report ;
Above the scandalous aspersion, tool,
He only squares his conscience by a rule.
Granby, too great to join the hated cause,
Throws down his useless truncheon and withdraws ;
Whilst unrenowned for military deeds,
A youthful branch of royalty succeeds.

Let Coventry, Yonge, Palmerston, and Brett,
With resignation pay the crown a debt ;
If in return for offices of trust

The Ministry expect you'll prove unjust,
What soul that values freedom could with ease
Stoop under obligations such as these ?
If you, a Briton, every virtue dead,
That would upon your dying freedom tread,
List in the gang, and piously procure
To make your calling and election sure,
Go, flatter Sawney for his jockeyship,
Assist in each long shuffle, hedge, and slip ;
Thus rising on the stilts of favour, see
What Grafton was, and future dukes will be ;
How Rigby, Weymouth, Barrington began
To juggle into fame and play the man.

Amidst this general rage of turning out,
What officer will stand, remains a doubt.
If virtue's an objection at the board,
With what propriety the council's stored !
Where could the Caledonian minion find
Such striking copies of his venal mind ?
Search through the winding labyrinths of place,
See all alike politically base.
If virtues foreign to the office shine,
How fast the prodigies of state resign !
Still as they drop, the rising race begin
To boast the infamy of being in ;
And generous Bristol, constant to his friend,
Employs his lifted crutches to ascend.
Look round thee, North ! see what a glorious scene !—
Oh let no thought of vengeance intervene !
Throw thy own insignificance aside,
And swell in self-importance, power, and pride.
See Holland easy with his pilfered store,
See Bute intriguing how to pilfer more,

See Grafton's coffers boast the wealth of place,
 A provident reserve to hedge a race.
 New to oppression and the servile chain,
 Hark how the wronged Americans complain !
 Whilst unregarded the petitions lie,
 And Liberty unnoticed swells her cry,
 Yet, yet reflect, thou despicable thing,
 How wavering is the favour of a king ;
 Think, since that feeble fence and Bute is all,
 How soon thy humbug farce of state may fall :
 Then catch the present moment while tis 'thine,
 Implore a noble pension, and resign !

TO HORACE WALPOLE.

WALPOLE, I thought not I should ever see
 So mean a heart as thine has proved to be.
 Thou who, in luxury nurst, behold'st with scorn
 The boy, who friendless, fatherless, forlorn,
 Asks thy high favour—thou mayst call me cheat,
 Say, didst thou never practise such deceit ?
 Who wrote Otranto ? but I will not chide ;
 Scorn I'll repay with scorn, and pride with pride.
 Still, Walpole, still thy prosy chapters write,
 And twaddling letters to some fair indite ;
 Laud all above thee, fawn and cringe to those
 Who, for thy fame, were better friends than foes ;
 Still spurn the incautious fool who dares—

Had I the gifts of wealth and luxury shared,
 Not poor and mean, Walpole ! thou hadst not dared
 Thus to insult. But I shall live and stand
 By Rowley's side, when thou art dead and damned.

FAITH.

O GOD, whose thunder shakes the sky,
Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in Thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of Thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill—
But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own Thy power,
Thy goodness love, Thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still ;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank the inflictor of the blow ;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun reveals.

ON THE LAST EPIPHANY ; OR, CHRIST COMING
TO JUDGMENT.*

BEHOLD ! just coming from above,
The JUDGE, with majesty and love ;
The sky divides, and rolls away,
T' admit him through the realms of day.
The sun, astonished, hides its face,
The moon and stars with wonder gaze
At JESUS' bright superior rays !
Dread lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
And shake the earth and briny shore ;
The trumpet sounds at heaven's command,
And pierceth through the sea and land ;
The dead in each now hear the voice,
The sinners fear and saints rejoice ;
For now the awful hour is come
When every tenant of the tomb
Must rise, and take his everlasting doom.

* Written when only ten years of age.

THE COMPLAINT.

ADDRESSED TO MISS P——— L———, OF BRISTOL.*

LOVE, lawless tyrant of my breast,
 When will my passions be at rest,
 And in soft murmurs roll—
 When will the dove-eyed goddess Peace,
 Bid black despair and torment cease,
 And wake to joy my soul ?

Adieu ! ye flower-bespangled hills ;
 Adieu ! ye softly-purling rills,
 That through the meadows play ;
 Adieu ! the cool refreshing shade,
 By hoary oaks and woodbines made,
 Where oft with joy I lay.

No more beneath your boughs I hear,
 With pleasure unalloyed by fear,
 The distant Severn roar—

* Concerning this poem Professor Skeat says :—" In the *Universal Magazine* for November 1769 I find a poem which has every claim to be by Chatterton, though not included in any edition of his works. The external and internal evidences all point that way. The external evidences are (1) the date of its appearance ; (2) the mention of Bristol and the Severn ; (3) the signature 'C.' which he adopted about this time in preference to 'T. C.,' which were also the initials of Thomas Cary ; and (4) the address to Miss L——, who may have been the same as the person of whom he afterwards wrote in one of his letters, dated 14th May 1770—"If Miss Love has no objection to having a crambo song on her name published, it shall be done. . . . The internal evidences are supplied by comparison with other poems."

Adieu ! the forest's mossy side,
Decked out in Flora's richest pride :
 Ye can delight no more.

Oft at the solitary hour,
When Melancholy's silent power
 Is gliding through the shade ;
With raging Madness by her side,
Whose hands, in blood and murder dy'd,
 Display the reeking blade,

I catch the echo of their feet,
And follow to their drear retreat
 Of deadliest nightshade wove :
There, stretched upon the dewy ground,
Whilst noxious vapours rise around,
 I sigh my tale of love.

Oft has the solemn bird of night,
When rising to his gloomy flight,
 Unseen against me fled !
Whilst snakes in curling orbs uproll'd,
Bedropp'd with azure, flame, and gold,
 Hurled poison at my head.

O say ! thou best of womankind,
Thou miracle, in whom we find
 Wit, charms, and sense unite,
Can plagues like these be always borne ?
No ; if I still must meet your scorn,
 I'll seek the realms of night.

THE LAST VERSES WRITTEN BY
CHATTERTON.*

FAREWELL, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick,
Lovers of Mammon, worshippers of Trick !
Ye spurned the boy who gave you antique lays,
And paid for learning with your empty praise.
Farewell, ye guzzling aldermanic fools,
By nature fitted for Corruption's tools !
I go to where celestial anthems swell ;
But you, when you depart, will sink to Hell.
Farewell, my Mother !—cease, my anguish'd soul,
Nor let Distraction's billows o'er me roll !—
Have mercy, Heaven ! when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive.

* These lines were found in Chatterton's pocket-book after his death.

SELECTIONS FROM THE ROWLEY POEMS.

(MODERNISED.)

ECLOGUE THE FIRST.

ROBERT AND RAUFE.

WHEN England, smoking from her deadly wound,
From her galled neck did pluck the chain away,
Seeing her liegeful sons fall all around
(Mighty they fell, 'twas Honour led the fray),
Then in a dale, by eve's dark mantle grey,
Two lonely shepherds did abrodden¹ fly
(The rustling leaf doth their white hearts dismay),
And with the owlet trembled and did cry ;
First Robert Neatherd his sore bosom stroke,²
Then fell upon the ground and thus y-spoke.

¹ " Abruptly. So Chaucer—Syke he abredde dyde attourne."
—C. "An erroneous explanation," says Skeat.

² Struck.

II.

Robert. Ah Raufe ! if thus the hours do come along,
 If thus we fly in chase of further woe,
 Our feet will fail, albeit we be strong,
 Nor will our pace swift as our danger go.
 To our great wrongs we have upheaped woe,¹
 The Barons war ! Oh, woe and well-a-day !
 I haveth life, but have escapèd so,
 That life itself my senses doth affray.
 Oh Raufe, come list, and hear my woeful tale,
 Come hear the baleful doom of Robin of the dale.

III.

Raufe. Say to me naught ; I know thy woe in mine ;
 Oh ! I've a tale that Sabalus² might tell.
 Sweet flowerets, mantled meadows, forests fine ;
 Groves seen from far around the hermit's cell ;
 The sweet ribible³ dinning in the dell,
 The joyous dancing in the hostel-court ;
 Eke the high song and every joy, farewell !
 Farewell, the very shade of fair disport ;
 Impetering troubles on my head do come,
 Nor one kind saint to ward the aye-increasing doom.

IV.

Rob. Oh ! I could wail my king-cup deckèd mees,⁴
 My spreading flocks of sheep of lily white,
 My tender apples, and my lordly trees,
 My parker's grange,⁵ far spreading to the sight,
 My tender kine, my bullocks strong in fight,

¹ More. ² The devil. ³ A violin. ⁴ Meads. ⁵ Park-keeper's farm.

My garden blanchèd with the comfrey ¹ plant,
 My flower Saint Mary ² shooting with the light,
 My store of all the blessings heaven can grant.
 I am accustomed now to sorrow's blow,
 Accustomed to the pain, will let no salt tear flow.

V.

Raufe. Here I will stay me until Death do 'pear,
 Here like a foul empoisoned deadly tree,
 Which slayeth everyone that cometh near,
 So will I fixèd unto this place gre.³
 I to lament have far more cause than thee,
 Slain in the war my lovèd father lies ;
 Oh ! joyous I his murderer would slea,⁴
 And by his side for aye enclose mine eyes.
 Removed from every joy, here will I bleed,
 Fall'n is the 'cullis-gate of my heart's castle-stead.

VI.

Rob. Our woes alike, alike our doom shall be,
 My son, my only son ystorven ⁵ is ;
 Here will I stay, and end my life with thee,
 A life like mine a burden is, I wis.
 Now from e'en lodges fled is happiness,
 Minsters alone can boast the holy saint.
 Now doth sweet England wear a bloody dress,
 And with her champion's gore her face depaint ;
 Peace fled, disorder showeth her dark rode,⁶
 And through the air doth fly, in garments stained with
 blood.

¹ A favourite dish at that time.² Marygold.³ Grow⁴ Slay. ⁵ Dead.⁶ Face.

ECLOGUE THE SECOND.

NYGELLE.

SPRITES of the blest, the pious Nygelle said,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

I.

Richard of Lion's heart to fight is gone,
 Upon the broad sea do the banners gleam,
 The amenusè¹ nations are aston,²
 To see so large a fleet, so fine, so breme.³
 The gleaming prows plough up the glassy stream,
 Waves sinking, waves upon the hard oak rise ;
 The water-slughorns⁴ with harmonious cleme,⁵
 Assail the sounding air, and reach the skies.
 Sprites of the blest, on golden thrones a-stead,⁶
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

II.

The red depainted oars from the black tide,
 Carved with devices rare, do gleaming rise ;
 Upswelling do they show in dreary pride,
 Like gore-red meteors in the eve-merk⁷ skies
 The name emblazoned shields, the spears, arise,
 Like the tall rushes on the water-side ;
 Along from bark to bark the bright sheen flies ;
 Short-lived delights do on the water glide.
 Sprites of the blest and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

¹ Diminished, lessened.² Astonished.³ Strong.⁴ War trumpet.⁵ Sound.⁶ Seated.⁷ Dark.

III.

The Saracen looks out ; he doëth fear,
 That England's valiant sons do cut the way.
 Like hunted bucks, they scatter here and there,
 Not knowing in what place to stay.
 The banner glisters in the beam of day,
 The mighty cross-Jerusalem is seen ;
 Thereof the sight, their courage doth dismay,
 In baleful dole their faces are y-wreen.¹
 Sprites of the blest and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

IV.

The bollengers² and cottés,³ so swift in fight,
 Upon the sides of every bark appear ;
 Forth to his office leapeth every knight,
 Eftsoons his squirë, with his shield and spear.
 The joining shields do shimmer and much glare ;
 The splashing oar doth make confusèd din ;
 The running foemen, thinking if to dare,
 Draw the dark sword, they seek the fray, they
 blin.⁴
 Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

V.

Now come the warring Saracens to fight ;
 King Richard like a lioncel⁵ of war,
 In shining gold, like fiery meteor dight,⁶
 Shaketh aloft his hand, and seen afar.
 So have I oft espied a greater star

¹ Covered. ² For *ballingers*. Boats for disembarking.
³ A small boat. ⁴ Cease. ⁵ Young lion. ⁶ Arrayed.

Among the lesser ones to shine full bright ;
 So the sun's wain with aumayl'd¹ beams doth bar
 The silver moon or estells² to give light.
 Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

VI.

Distracted Fear, with locks of blood-red dye,
 Terror enarmèd in the thunder's rage,
 Death, linkèd to dismay, doth gruesome fly,
 Encouraging each champion war to wage.
 Spear crosses spear, swords upon swords engage ;
 Armour on armour dins, shield upon shield,
 Nor death of thousands can the war assuage ;
 But falling numbers sable all the field.
 Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

VII.

The foemen fall around ; the cross reels high ;
 Stainèd in gore, the heart of war is seen ;
 King Richard through near every troop doth fly,
 And beareth many Turks unto the green ;
 By him the flower of Asia's men are slain ;
 The waning moon doth fade before his sun ;
 By him his knights are formed to actions deene³
 Doing such marvels, strangers are aston.⁴
 Sprites of the blest, and every saint y-dead,
 Pour out your pleasaunce on my father's head.

VIII.

The fight is won ; King Richard master is,
 The English banner kisseth the high air ;

¹ Enamelled. ² Stars. ³ Glorious. ⁴ Astonished

Full of pure joy the army is, I wis,
 And everyone hath it upon his bayre.¹
 Again to England come, and worshipped there,
 Caught into loving arms, and feasted eft;²
 In every eye a-reading naught of wyere³
 Of all remembrance of past pain bereft.
 Sprites of the past, and every sainty-dead,
 Such pleasures pour upon my father's head.

IX.

So Nygelle said, when from the bluey sea
 The swollen sail did dance before his eyne;⁴
 Swift as the wish he to the beach did flee,
 And found his father stepping from the brine.
 Let thyssen⁵ men who have the sprite of love,
 Bethink unto themselves how might the meeting
 prove!

 ECLOGUE THE THIRD.

A Man, a Woman, Sir Roger.

I.

WOULDST thou know nature in her better part?
 Go, search the hut and cottage of the hind;
 If they have any, it is rough-made art,
 In them you see the naked form of kind;⁶
 Haveth your mind a liking of a mind?
 Would it know everything, as it might be?

¹ Brow. ² Oft. ³ Grief. ⁴ Eyes. ⁵ Those. ⁶ Nature.

Would it hear phrase of vulgar from the hind,
 Without wiseacre words, and knowledge free ?
 If so, read this, which I disporting penned,
 If naught besides, its rhyme may it commend.

II.

Man. But whither, fair maid, do ye go ?
 O where do ye bend your way ?
 I will know whither you go,
 I will not be answered nay.

Woman. To ~~Robin~~ and Nell, all down in the dell,
 To help them at making of hay.

Man. Sir Roger, the parson, hath hired me there,
 Come, come, let us trip it away,
 We'll work and we'll sing, and we'll drink of
 strong beer,
 As long as the merry summer's day.

III.

Woman. How hard is my doom to wurch !¹
 Much is my woe ;
 Dame Agnes, who lies in the church
 With birlet² gold,
 With gilded aumeres,³ strong, untold,
 What was she more than me, to be so ?

Man. I know Sir Roger from afar,
 Tripping over the lea ;
 I'll ask him why the lordès son
 Is more than me.

¹ Work. ² A coif or hood.

³ " Borders of gold and silver, on which was (*sic*) laid thin plates of either metal countercharged, not unlike the present spangled laces."—C.

IV. *perfection*

Sir Roger. The sultry sun doth hie apace his wain,
 From every beam a seed of life doth fall ;
 Uppgather quick the hay upon the plain,
 Methinks the cocks beginneth to grow tall.
 This is alike our doom ; the great the small,
 Must wither and be forwyned¹ by death's
 dart.

See ! the sweet floweret hath no sweet at all ; *Com*
 It with the rank weed beareth equal part. *Leve*
 The craven, warrior, and the wise are blent,
 Alike to dry away with those they did lament.

(6)

Arch

V.

Man. All-a-boon, Sir Priest, all-a-boon !
 By your priestship now say unto me ;
 Sir Ganfrid the knight, who liveth hardby,
 Why should he than me be more great,
 In honour, knighthood, and estate ?

VI.

Sir Roger. Cast thou thine eyes around this hayèd mee,²
 Attentively look round the sun-beat dell ;
 An answer to thy questioning here see,
 This withered floweret will a lesson tell ;
 Sprouting, it blew, it flourished and did well,
 Looking askance upon the neighbour green ;
 Yet with the 'dained³ green its glory fell,
 Eftsoons it shrunk upon the sun-burnt plain,
 Did not its presence, whilst it there did stand,
 To crop it in the bud move some dread hand ?

¹ Dried. ² Meadow. ³ i.e., Disdained.

VII.

Such is the way of life ; the rich man's ente¹
 Moveth the robber him therefor to slea ;²
 If thou hast ease, the shadow of content,
 Believe the truth, none happier are than thee.
 Thou workest ; well, can that a trouble be ?
 Sloth more would jade thee than the
 roughest day,
 Couldst thou the hidden half of soul's see,
 Thou wouldst eftsoons see truth in what I
 say.

But let me hear thy way of life, and then
 Hear thou from me the lives of other men.

VIII.

Man. I rise with the sun,
 Like him to drive the wain,
 And ere my work is done,
 I sing a song or twain.
 I follow the plough tail,
 With a long jug of ale.
 On every Saint's high-day
 With the minstrel I am seen,
 All a-footing it away
 With maidens on the green.
 But oh ! I wish to be more great,
 In glory, tenure, and estate.

IX.

Sir Roger. Hast thou not seen a tree upon a hill,
 Whose spreading branches reached far to sight ?

¹ Purse.² Slay.

When furious tempests do the heavens fill,
 It shaketh dire, in dole, and much affright,
 Whilst the poor lowly flower, all humbly dight ¹
 Standeth unhurt, untouched by the storm.
 Such is a view of life ; the man of might
 Is tempest-chafed ; his woe great as his form ;
 Thyself a floweret of a small account,
 Wouldst harder feel the wind as higher thou didst
 mount.

ECLOGUE THE FOURTH.

ELINOURE AND JUGA.

I.

ON Rudborne ² bank two pining maidens sat,
 Their tears fast dripping to the water clear ;
 Each one lamenting for her absent mate,
 Who at Saint Albans shook the murd'ring spear.
 The nutbrown Elinoure to Juga fair
 Did speak full sad, with languishment of eyne, ³
 Like drops of pearly dew, gleamed the quivering
 brine.

¹ Arrayed.

² "Rudborne (in Saxon, red-water) a river near Saint Albans, famous for the battles there fought between the houses of Lancaster and York"—C.

³ Eyes.

II.

Elin. O gentle Juga ! hear my sad complaint,
 To fight for York my lord is dight in steel ;
 O may no sanguine stain the white rose paint,
 May good Saint Cuthbert watch Sir Robert
 wele ; ¹
 Much more than death in phantasy I feel ;
 See ! see ! upon the ground he bleeding lies ;
 Infuse some juice of life, or else my dear love
 dies.

III.

Juga. Sisters in sorrow, on this daisied bank,
 Where melancholy broods, we will lament,
 Be wet with morning dew and even dank ;
 Like blasted oakês in each other bent,
 Or like forsaken halls of merriment,
 Whose ghastly ruins hold the train of fright,
 Where deadly ravens bark, and owlets wake the
 night.

IV.

Elin. No more the miskynette² shall wake the morn,
 The minstrel dance, good cheer, and morris-
 play :
 No more the ambling palfrey and the horn
 Shall from the coppice rouse the fox away,
 I'll seek the forest, all the live-long day ;
 All night among the grav'd churchyard will go,
 And to the passing sprites unfold my tale of
 woe.

¹ Well.² A small bagpipe.

V.

Juga. When leaden clouds do hang upon the gleam
 Of waning moon, in silver mantles dight ;
 The tripping fairies weave the golden dream
 Of happiness, which flieth with the night.
 Then (but the Saints forbid !) if to a sprite
 Sir Richard's form is linked, I'll hold distraught,
 His bleeding clay-cold corse, and die each day
 in thought.

VI.

Elin. Ah ! woe-bemoaning words ! what words can
 show ?
 Thou glassy river, on thy bank may bleed
 Champions, whose blood will with thy waters
 flow, [indeed !
 And Rudborne stream be Rudborne stream
 Haste, gentle Juga, trip it o'er the mead,
 To know, or whether we must wail again,
 Or with our fallen knights be mingled on the
 plain.

VII.

So saying, like two tempest-blasted trees,
 Or twain of clouds that holdeth stormy rain ;
 They movèd gently o'er the dewy mees,¹
 To where Saint Alban's holy shrines remain.
 There did they find that both their knights
 were slain,
 Distraught, they wandered to swoll'n Rud-
 borne's side,
 Yellèd their lethal knell, sank in the waves,
 and died.

¹ Meads.

THE BRISTOWE TRAGEDY ;

Ballad

OR, THE DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BAWDIN.

THE feathered songster chanticleer
 Has wound his bugle horn
 And told the early villager
 The coming of the morn :

246

King Edward saw the ruddy streaks
 Of light eclipse the grey ;
 And heard the raven's croaking
 Proclaim the fated day.

246

"Thou'rt right," quoth he, "for by the God
 That sits enthroned on high !
 Charles Bawdin and his fellows twain,
 To-day shall surely die."

Then with a jug of nappy ale
 His knights did on him wait ;
 "Go tell the traitor, that to-day
 He leaves this mortal state."

246

Sir Canterlone then bended low
 With heart brim-full of woe ;
 He journeyed to the castle gate,
 And to Sir Charles did go.

But when he came, his children twain
 And eke his loving wife,
 With briny tears did wet the floor,
 For good Sir Charles's life.

"O good Sir Charles!" said Canterlone,
Bad tidings I do bring."

"Speak boldly, man," said brave Sir Charles,
"What says thy traitor king?"

"I grieve to tell, before yon sun
Does from the welkin fly,
He hath upon his honour sworn,
That thou shalt surely die."

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles,
"Of that I'm not afeard;
What boots to live a little space?
Thank Jesu, I'm prepared;

But tell the king, for mine he's not,
I'd sooner die to-day
Than live his slave, as many are,
Though I should live for aye."

Then Canterlone he did go out,
To tell the mayor straight
To get all things in readiness
For good Sir Charles's fate.

Then Master ~~Canynge~~ sought the king, *Feb.*
And fell down on his knee;
"I'm come," quoth he, "unto your grace,
To move your clemency."

Then quoth the king, "Your tale speak out,
You have been much our friend;
Whatever your request may be,
We will to it attend."

"My noble liege ! all my request
Is for a noble knight,
Who, tho' mayhap he has done wrong,
He thought it still was right :

He has a spouse and children twain,
Who ruined are for aye ;
If still you are resolved to let
Charles Bawdin die to-day."

"Speak not of such a traitor vile,"
The king in fury said ;
"Before the evening star doth shine,
Bawdin shall lose his head :

Justice does loudly for him call,
And he shall have his meed ;
Speak, Master Canynge ! what thing else
At present do you need ?"

"My noble liege !" good Canynge said,
"Leave justice to our God,
And lay the iron rule aside ;
Be thine the olive rod.

Were God to search our hearts and ways,
The best were sinners great ;
Christ's vicar only knows no sin,
In all this mortal state.

Let mercy rule thine infant reign,
"Twill fast thy crown full sure ;
From race to race thy family
All sovereigns shall endure :

But if with blood and slaughter thou
Begin thy infant reign,
Thy crown upon thy children's brows
Will never long remain."

"Canynge, away ! this traitor vile
Has scorned my power and me :
How canst thou then for such a man
Entreat my clemency ?"

"My noble liege ! the truly brave
Will val'rous actions prize ;
Respect a brave, a noble mind,
Although in enemies."

"Canynge, away ! by God in heaven
That did me being give,
I will not taste a bit of bread
Whilst this Sir Charles doth live.

By Mary, and all saints in heaven,
This sun shall be his last ;"
Then Canynge dropped a briny tear,
And from the presence past.

With heart brim-full of gnawing grief,
He to Sir Charles did go,
And sat him down upon a stool,
And tears began to flow.

"We all must die," quoth brave Sir Charles ;
"What boots it how or when ;
Death is the sure, the certain fate
Of all we mortal men.

Say why, my friend, thy honest soul
Runs over at thine eye ;
Is it for my most welcome doom
That thou dost child-like cry ?”

Quoth godly Canynge, “ I do weep
That thou so soon must die,
And leave thy sons and helpless wife ;
’Tis this that wets mine eye.”

“ Then dry the tears that out thine eye
From godly fountains spring ;
Death I despise, and all the power
Of Edward, traitor king.

When through the tyrant’s welcome means
I shall resign my life,
The God I serve will soon provide
For both my sons and wife.

Before I saw the lightsome sun,
This was appointed me ;
Shall mortal man repine or grudge
What God ordains to be ?

How oft in battle have I stood,
When thousands died around :
When smoking streams of crimson blood
Imbrued the fattened ground.

How did I know that every dart
That cut the airy way,
Might not find passage to my heart,
And close mine eyes for aye ?

And shall I now, for fear of death,
Look wan and be dismayed ?
Nay ! from my heart fly childish fear.
Be all the man displayed.

Ah ! godlike Henry ! God forbend,
And guard thee and thy son,
If 'tis His will ; but if 'tis not,
Why, then, His will be done.

My honest friend, my fault has been
To serve God and my prince ;
And that I no time-server am,
My death will soon convince.

In London city was I born,
Of parents of great note ;
My father did a noble's arms
Emblazon on his coat.

I make no doubt but he is gone
Where soon I hope to go ;
Where we for ever shall be blest,
From out the reach of woe.

He taught me justice and the laws
With pity to unite ;
And eke he taught me how to know
The wrong cause from the right.

He taught me with a prudent hand
To feed the hungry poor,
Nor let my servants drive away
The hungry from my door :

Justice
+
pity

feed the
poor

And none can say but all my life
I have his precepts kept ;
And summed the actions of the day
Each night before I slept.

I have a spouse, go ask of her,
If I defiled her bed ?
I have a king, and none can lay
Black treason on my head.

| In Lent and on the holy eve,
From flesh I did refrain ;
Why should I then appear dismayed
To leave this world of pain ?

No ! hapless Henry ! I rejoice
I shall not see thy death ;
Most willingly in thy just cause
Do I resign my breath.

Oh, fickle people ! ruined land !
Peace thou wilt no more know ;
While Richard's sons exalt themselves,
Thy brooks with blood will flow.

Say, were ye tired of godly peace,
And godly Henry's reign,
That you did change your easy days
For those of blood and pain ?

What though I'm on a hurdle drawn,
And mangled by a hind,
I do defy the traitor's power,
He cannot harm my mind ;

What though, uphoisted on a pole,
My limbs shall rot in air,
And no rich monument of brass
Charles Bawdin's name shall bear ;

weah Yet in the holy book above,
Which time can't eat away,
There with the servants of the Lord
My name shall live for aye.

Then welcome death ! for life eterne/
I leave this mortal life ;
Farewell, vain world, and all that's dear,
My sons and loving wife !

Now death as welcome to me comes,
As e'er the month of May ;
Nor would I even wish to live,
With my dear wife so stay."

Quoth Canynge, "'Tis a goodly thing
To be prepared to die ;
And from this world of pain and grief
To God in Heaven to fly."

And now the bell began to toll,
And clarions to sound ;
Sir Charles he heard the horses' feet
A-prancing on the ground :

And just before the officers
His loving wife came in,
Weeping unfeignèd tears of woe,
With loud and dismal din.

"Sweet Florence ! now I pray forbear,
In quiet let me die ;
Pray God that every Christian soul
May look on death as I.

Sweet Florence ! why these briny tears ?
They wash my soul away,
And almost make me wish for life,
With thee, sweet dame, to stay.

'Tis but a journey I shall go
Unto the land of bliss ;
Now, as a proof of husband's love.
Receive this holy kiss."

Then Florence, faltering in her say,
Trembling these wordes spoke,
"Ah, cruel Edward ! bloody king !
My heart is well-nigh broke :

Ah, sweet Sir Charles ! why wilt thou go,
Without thy loving wife ?
The cruel axe that cuts thy neck,
It eke shall end my life."

And now the officers came in
To bring Sir Charles away,
Who turned to his loving wife,
And thus to her did say—

"I go to life and not to death ;
Trust thou in God above,
And teach thy sons to fear the Lord,
And in their hearts Him love :

*Religious
Bible*

Teach them to run the noble race
That I their father ran ;
Florence ! should death thee take—adieu !
Ye officers, lead on.”

Then Florence raved as any mad,
And did her tresses tear ;
“ Oh ! stay, my husband ! lord ! and life ! ”—
Sir Charles then dropped a tear.

Till tired out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor ;
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door.

Upon a sled he mounted then
With looks full brave and sweet ;
Looks that betrayed no more concern
Than any in the street.

Before him went the council-men,
In scarlet robes and gold,
And tassels spangling in the sun,
Much glorious to behold :

The Friars of Saint Augustine next
Appeared to the sight,
All clad in homely russet weeds
Of godly monkish plight :

In different parts a godly psalm
Most sweetly they did chant ;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt.¹

¹ A stringed musical instrument.

Then five-and-twenty archers came ;
Each one the bow did bend,
From rescue of King Henry's friends
Sir Charles for to defend.

Bold as a lion came Sir Charles,
Drawn on a cloth-draped sled,
By two black steeds in trappings white,
With plumes upon their head :

Behind him five-and-twenty more
Of archers strong and stout,
With bended bow each one in hand,
Marchèd in goodly rout :

Saint James's Friars marchèd next,
Each one his part did chant ;
Behind their backs six minstrels came,
Who tuned the strung bataunt :

Then came the mayor and aldermen,
In cloth of scarlet deck't ;
And their attending men each one,
Like eastern princes trick't.

And after them a multitude
Of citizens did throng ;
The windows were all full of heads,
As he did pass along.

And when he came to the high cross,
Sir Charles did turn and say—
“ O Thou, that savest man from sin,
Wash my soul clean this day ! ”

At the great minster windows sat
The king in mickle state,
To see Charles Bawdin go along
To his most welcome fate.

Soon as the sledge drew nigh enough,
That Edward he might hear,
The brave Sir Charles he did stand up
And thus his words declare—

“Thou seest me, Edward ! traitor vile !
Exposed to infamy ;
But be assured, disloyal man !
I’m greater now than thee.

By foul proceedings, murder, blood,
Thou wearest now a crown ;
And hast appointed me to die,
By power not thine own.

Thou thinkest I shall die to-day ;
I have been dead till now,
And soon shall live to wear a crown
For aye upon my brow ;

Whilst thou, perhaps, for some few years,
Shalt rule this fickle land,
To let them know how wide the rule
’Twixt king and tyrant hand :

Thy power unjust, thou traitor slave !
Shall fall on thy own head——”
From out the hearing of the king
Departed then the sled.

King Edward's soul rushed to his face,
He turned his head away,
And to his brother Gloucester
He thus did speak and say—

“To him that so-much-dreaded death
No ghastly terrors bring,
Behold the man ! he spake the truth,
He's greater than a king !”

“So let him die !” Duke Richard said ;
“And may each one our foes
Bend down their necks to bloody axe,
And feed the carrion crows.”

And now the horses gently drew
Sir Charles up the high hill ;
The axe did glister in the sun,
His precious blood to spill.

Sir Charles did up the scaffold go,
As up a gilded car
Of victory, by valorous chiefs
Gained in the bloody war :

And to the people he did say,
“Behold, you see me die
For serving loyally my king,
My king most rightfully.

As long as Edward rules this land
No quiet you will know ;
Your sons and husbands shall be slain,
And brooks with blood shall flow.

You leave your good and lawful king
When in adversity :
Like me, unto the true cause stick ;
And for the true cause die."

Then he, with priests, upon his knees,
A prayer to God did make,
Beseeching Him unto Himself
His parting soul to take.

Then, kneeling down, he laid his head
Most seemly on the block ;
Which from his body fair at once
The able headsman struck :

And out the blood began to flow,
And round the scaffold twine ;
And tears, enough to wash't away,
Did flow from each man's eyne.

The bloody axe his body fair
Into four partès cut ;
And every part, and eke his head,
Upon a pole was put.

*beheaded
& quartered*

One part did rot on Kynwulph hill,
One on the minster tower,
And one from off the castle gate
The crowen did devour ;

The other on Saint Paul's good gate,
A dreary spectacle ;
His head was placed on the high cross,
In High-street most noble.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate :
 God prosper long our king,
 And grant he may, with Bawdin's soul,
 In Heaven God's mercy sing !

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE:

AS WROTEN BIE THE GODE PRIEST, THOMAS ROWLEIE,¹

1464.

*more royal
modified by all
alluding* I N Virginè the sultry sun 'gan sheen,
 And hot upon the meads did cast his ray ;
 The apple ruddied from its paly green,
 And the lush pear did bend the leafy spray ;
 The pied chelandry² sang the livelong day ;
 'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
 And eke the ground was dight in its most deft³ aumere.⁴

The sun was gleaming in the mid of day,
 Dead still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
 When from the sea arist⁵ in drear array
 A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
 Shrouding at once the sunnès festive face,
 And the black tempest swelled and gathered up apace.

¹ "Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton-Malreward, in Somersetshire, educated at the convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury in Gloucestershire."—C.

² Goldfinch.³ Neat.⁴ Robe.⁵ Arose.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway side,
 Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent¹ lead,
 A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
 Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,²
 Long breast-full of the miseries of need.
 Where from the hailstone could the palmer fly ?
 He had no hostel there, nor any convent nigh.

(Look) in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan ;
 How woe-begone, how withered, shrunken, dead !
 Haste to thy church-glebe-house,³ woe-stricken man !
 Haste to thy grave, thy only sleeping bed.
 Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head,
 Are Charity and Love among high elves ;
 Knights and barons live for pleasure and themselves.

The gathered storm is ripe ; the big drops fall ;
 The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the
 rain ;
 The coming ghastness doth the cattle 'pall,⁴
 And the full-flocks are driving o'er the plain ;
 Dashed from the clouds the waters sweep again ;
 The welkin opes ; the yellow lightning flies ;
 And the hot fiery steam in mighty wreathings dies.

List ! now the thunder's rattling noisy sound
 Moves slowly on, and then discharging clangs,
 Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended, drowned,
 Still on the frightened ear of terror hangs ;

¹ "It would have been *charitable* if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this Ballad of Charity. The Abbot of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancastrian family. Rowley was a Yorkist."—C.

² Dress.

³ Tomb.

⁴ Appal.

The winds are up ; the lofty elm-tree swangs ;¹
 Again the lightning and the thunder pours,
 And the full clouds are burst at once in stony showers.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
 The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came ;
 His chapournette² was dripping with the rain,
 His 'broidered girdle met with mickle shame ;
 He backwards told his bederoll³ at the same ;
 The storm increases, and he drew aside,
 With the poor alms-craver near to the holm to bide.

His cloak was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
 With a gold button fastened near his chin ;
 His autremete⁴ was edged with golden twine, [been ;
 And his peaked shoon a lord's might well have
 Full well it showed he thought great cost no sin.
 The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
 For the horse-milliner⁵ his head with roses dight.

"An alms, sir priest !" the drooping pilgrim said,
 "Oh ! let me wait within your convent door,
 Till the sun shineth high above our head,
 And the loud tempest of the air is o'er ;
 Helpless and old am I, alas ! and poor.
 No house, no friend, no money in my pouch,
 All that I call my own is my silver crouche."⁶

¹ Swings.

² "A small round hat, not unlike the *shapournette* in heraldry, formerly worn by ecclesiastics and lawyers."—C.

³ "He told his beads backwards, a figurative expression to signify cursing."—C.

⁴ "A loose white robe worn by priests."—C.

⁵ "Certainly not a fifteenth-century word. But Stevens tells us he saw it, in 1776, over a shop in Bristol."—Skeat.

⁶ Cross.

"Varlet," replied the Abbot, "cease your din ;
 This is no season alms and prayers to give,
 My porter never lets a beggar in ;
 None touch my ring who not in honour live."
 And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
 And shot upon the ground his glaring ray ;
 The Abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away.

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled,
 Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen ;
 Not dight full proud nor buttoned up in gold,
 His cope and jape¹ were grey and eke were clean ;
 A limitour² he was of order seen,
 And from the pathway side then turned he,
 Where the poor almer lay beneath the holmen tree.

"An alms, sir priest !" the drooping pilgrim said,
 "For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake."
 The limitour then loosened his pouch-thread,
 And did thereout a groat of silver take :
 The needy pilgrim did for rapture shake.
 "Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care,
 We are God's stewards all, naught of our own we bear.

But ah ! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me.
 Scarce any give a rent-roll to their Lord ;
 Here, take my semicope,³ thou'rt bare, I see,
 'Tis thine ; the saints will give me my reward."
 He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde.⁴
 Virgin and holy saints, who sit in gloure,⁵
 Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power !

¹ "A short surplice, worn by friars of an inferior class and secular priests."—C.

² A licensed begging friar.

³ A short cape or cloak.

⁴ Went on.

⁵ Glory,

THE TOURNAMENT.

AN INTERLUDE.

Enter a HERALD.

Her. The tournament begins ; the hammers sound,
 The coursers prance about the measured field ;
 The shining armour throws its sheen around ;
 And blazoned crests adorn each shield.
 The fiery helmets, with the wreaths ameild,¹
 Support the rampant lioncel² or bear,
 With strange devices, Nature may not yield,
 Unseemly to all order doth appear,
 Yet that to men, who think and have a sprite,
 Makes knownen that the phantasies unwright.³

I, son of honour, 'spenser of her joys,
 Must quickly go to give the spears around ;
 With aventayle⁴ and cuirass men I guard,
 Who without me would fall unto the ground,
 So the tall oak the ivy twisteth round,
 So tender flowers grow in the woodland shade.
 The world by difference is in order found,
 Without unlikeness nothing could be made ;
 As our poor bodies nought can do alone,
 So in the realm of kind⁵ all things are parts of one.

Enter SIR SIMON DE BOURTONNE.

Bour. Herald, by heav'n, these tilters stay too long,
 My fancy's truly dying for the fight ;

¹ Enamelled.² A young lion.³ This is unintelligible ; some change was probably intended on revisal.⁴ Part of a helmet.⁵ Nature.

The minstrels have begun the third war-song,
 Yet not a spear of them doth greet my sight.
 I fear there be no man worthy my might.
 I lack a Guid,¹ a William² to entilt;
 To run against a feeble bodied knight,
 Gets no renown, if hap his blood be spilt.
 By heaven and Mary it is time they're here,
 I like not vainly thus to wield the spear.

Her. Methinks I hear their clarion note from far.

Bour. Let now my shield and tilting lance be bound;
 Eftsoons command my squyër to the war,
 I fly before to claim a challenge ground. [*Exit.*]

Her. Thy val'rous acts would most of men astound,
 Hard is their fate encountering thee in fight;
 Against all men thou bearest to the ground,
 Like the hard hail doth the tall rushes pight.³
 As when the morning sun drinks up the dew,
 So do thy valorous acts drink each knight's hue.

The Lists. Enter the KING, SYRR SYMONNE DE BOUR-
 TONNE, SYRR HUGO FERRARIS, SYRR RANULPH
 NEVILLE, SYRR LODOVICK DE CLYNTON, SYRR
 JOHAN DE BERGHAMME, and other Knights, Herald's,
 Minstrels, and Servitors.

King. The war ballade! ye minstrels tune the string,
 Some action dire of ancient kings now sing.

Minstrels. William, the Norman's flower, but England's
 thorn,
 The man whose might activity had knit,

¹ "Guie de Sancto Egidio, the most famous tilter of his
 age."—C.

² "William Rufus."—C.

³ Pitched or bent down.

Bent up his long strong bow and shield aborne,¹
Commanding his retainers all to fight.
Go rouse the lion from his hidden den,
Let thy darts drink the blood of anything but men.

In the treed forest do the knights appear,
William with might his bow en-iron'd plies ;
Loud dins the arrow in the wolfin's ear ;
He riseth boldly, roars, he pants, he dies,
Forslagen² at thy feet let wolfin's be,
Let thy darts drink their blood, but do not brethren
slea.

Through the mirk-shade of twisting trees he rides,
The frighted owlet flaps her dew-specked wing,
The lording³ toad in all his passes bides ;
The poisonous adders at him dart the sting.
Still, still he passes on, his steed astrod,
Nor heeds the dangerous way though leading unto
blood.

The lioncel,⁴ from sultry countries brought,
Couching beneath the shelter of the briar,
At coming din doth raise himself distraught,
He looketh with an eye of flames of fire.
Go, stick the lion to his hidden den,
Let thy darts drink the blood of anything but men.

With stealthy step the lion moves along,
William, his iron-woven bow he bends,

¹ Burnished.

³ " Standing on their hind legs."—C.

² Slain.

⁴ A young lion.

With might akin to rolling thunder strong,
 The lion in a roar his sprite forth sends.
 Go slay the lion in his blood-stained den,
 But be thine arrow dry from blood of other men.

Swift from the thicket starts the stag away,
 The couraciers¹ as swift do after fly ;
 He leapeth high, he stands, he keeps at bay
 But meets the arrow and eftsoons doth die.
 Forslagen² at thy feet let wild beasts be, [slea.
 Let thy darts drink their blood, yet do not brethren

With murder tired, he slings his bow alyne,³
 The stag is decked with crowns of lily flowers,
 Around their helms they green leaves do entwine,
 Joying and revelous in the greenwood bowers.
 Forslagen by thy bolt let wild beasts be,
 Feast thee upon their flesh, do not thy brethren slea.
King. Now to the tourney ; who will first affray ?
Her. Neville, a baron, be that honour thine.
Bour. I claim the passage.

Nev. I dispute thy way.

Bour. Then there's my gauntlet on my gaberdine.⁴

Her. A lawful challenge, knights and champions digne,⁵
 A lawful challenge ! Let the trumpet sound.

[SIR SYMONNE and NEVILLE tilt.

Neville is going man and horse to ground,
 [NEVILLE falls.

My lords, how doughtily the tilters join !
 Ye champions, here Symonne de Bourtonne fights,
 One hath he crushed ; assail him, O ye knights.

¹ Horse-courers.

³ " Across his shoulders."—C.

⁵ Worthy,

² Slain.

⁴ A loose upper garment.

Ferraris. I will against him go ; my squire, my shield,
 Or one or other will do mickle deed ;
 Before I do depart the tourney field,
 Myself or Bourtonne hereupon will bleed.
 My shield !

Bour. Come on, and fit thy tilt lance ethe,¹
 When Bourtonne fights, he meets a doughty foe.
 [They tilt. *FERRARIS falls.*
 He falleth ; now, by heaven, thy wounds do
 smethe²

I fear me, I have wrought thee mickle woe.
Her. Bourtonne his second beareth to the field.
 Come on, ye knights, and win the honour'd shield.
Bergham. I take the challenge ; squire, my lance and steed,
 I, Bourtonne take the gauntlet : for me stay.
 But if thou fightest me, thou shalt have meed,
 Some other I will challenge to the fray ;
 Perchance from him I may possess the day,
 Then I shall be a foeman for thy spear.
 Herald, to the ranks³ of knightès say,
 De Berghamme waiteth for a foeman here.
Clinton. But long thou shalt not 'tend ; I do thee 'fy ;
 Like lightning dire shall my tilt-lance fly.

[BERGHAMME and CLYNTON tilt.

[CLYNTON falls.

Bergham. Now, now, Sir Knight, cast round thy
 beaver'd eyne,⁴

I have borne down and eft do challenge thee.
 Quickly begin, and seal thy fate or mine,
 If thou discomfit, it will doubly be.

[BOURTONNE and BERGHAMME tilt.

[BERGHAMME falls.

¹ Easily.

² Smoke.

Skeat's rendering. Chatterton has "bankes."

⁴ Eyes.

Her. Symonne de Bourtonne hath now borne down
three,

And by the third hath honour of a fourth.
Let him be set aside, till he doth see

A tilting for a knight of gentle worth.
There cometh strange knights ; if courteous they,
It well becomes to give them right of fray.

1st Knight. Strangers we be, and humbly do we claim
The honour in this tourney for to tilt ;

Thereby to prove from cravens our good name,
Declaring that we gentle blood have spilt.

Her. Ye knights of courtesy, these strangers say,
Be ye full willing for to give them fray ?

[Five Knights *tilt with the strange*
Knight, and are all overthrown.]

Bour. Now, by Saint Mary, if on all the field

Y-crased¹ spears and helmets be besprent,²

If every knight did hold a piercèd shield,

If all the field with champions' blood be stent,³

Yet to encounter him I am content.

Another lance, Marshal, another lance.

Albeit he with flames of fire y-brent,⁴

Yet Bourtonne would against him straight
advance,

Five knights have fallen down beneath his spear,
But he shall be the next that falleth here.

By thee, Saint Mary, and thy Son I swear,
That in what place yon doughty knight shall
fall,

Beneath the strong push of my levelled spear,

There shall arise a holy church's wall,

The which, in honour, I will Mary call,

¹ Broken.

² Scattered.

³ Stained.

⁴ Burned.

With pillars large, and spire full high and round.

And this I faithfully will stand to all,

If yonder stranger falleth to the ground.

Stranger, be boun,¹ I challenge you to war,

Sound, sound the trumpets, to be heard from far.

[BOURTONNE *and the* Stranger
tilt, Stranger falls.

King. The morning tilts now cease.

Her.

Bourtonne is king.

Display the English banner on the tent ;

Round him, ye minstrels, songs of action sing,

Ye heralds, gather up the spears besprent ;²

To king of tourney-tilt be all knees bent.

Dames fair and gentle, for your loves he fought ;

For you the long tilt-lance, the sword he shent,³

He jousted, having only you in thought.

Come minstrels, sound the string, go on each side,

Whilst he unto the king in state doth ride,

Mins. When Battle, smoking with new quicken'd gore

Bending with spoils, and bloody dropping head,

Did the mirk wood of ease and rest explore,

Seeking to lie on Pleasure's downy bed,

Pleasure, dancing from her wood,

Wreathed with flowers of eglantine,

From his visage washed the blood,

Hid his sword and gaberdine.

With such an eye she sweetly him did view,

Did so y-corven⁴ every shape to joy,

¹ Ready. ² Scattered about. ³ Broke, destroyed. ⁴ Mould.

His sprite did change into another hue,
His arms, nor spoils, might any thoughts
employ.
All delightful and content,
Fire enshooting from his eyne,
In his arms he did her hent,¹
As the night-shade doth entwine.

So, if thou lovest Pleasure and her train,
Unknowing in what place her for to find,
This rule attend, and in thy mind retain ;
Seek Honour first, and Pleasure lies behind,

CHORUS FROM "GODDWYN."

WHEN Freedom, dressed in blood-stained vest,
To every knight her war-song sung,
Upon her head wild weeds were spread,
A gory weapon by her hung.
She danced on the heath ;
She heard the voice of death.

Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,
In vain assayed her bosom to acale.²
She heard, unmoved, the shrieking voice of woe,
And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.
She shook the pointed spear,
On high she raised her shield,
Her foemen all appear,
And fly along the field.

¹ Hold.

² Chill.

Power, with his head far-stretched into the skies,
 His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star ;
 Like flaming meteors twain he rolls his eyes,
 Stamps with his iron feet, and sounds to war.

She sits upon a rock,
 She bends before his spear,
 She rises from the shock,
 Wielding her own in air.

Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on,
 Wit, closely mantled, guides it to his crown ;
 His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone,
 He falls, and falling, rolleth thousands down.
 War, gore-faced War, by Envy armed, arist,¹
 His fiery helm nodding to the air,
 Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist——

.

TO JOHN LADGATE.

(SENT WITH THE FOLLOWING SONG TO ÆLLA.)

WELL then, good John, since it must needs be so,
 That you and I a bouting match must have,
 Let it no breaking of old friendship do,
 This is the only favour that I crave.

Remember Stowe, the Bristol Carmelite,
 Who, when John Clarkynge, one of mickle lore,
 Did throw his gauntlet-pen with him to fight,
 He showed small wit, and showed his weakness more.

This is my 'formance, which I now have writ,
 The best performance of my little wit.

¹ Arose.

SONG TO *ÆLLA*, LORD OF THE CASTLE OF
BRISTOL IN DAYS OF YORE.

O H thou, or what remains of thee,
 Ælla, the darling of futurity,
Let this my song bold as thy courage be,
 As everlasting to posterity.

When Dacia's sons, whose locks of blood-red hue,
Like kingcups bursting with the morning dew,
 Arranged in drear array,
 Upon the lethal day,
Spread far and wide on Watchet's shore ;
 Then didst thou furious stand,
 And by thy valiant hand
Besprinkled all the meads with gore.

Hurled by thy sword they fell,
Down to the depth of hell
Thousands of Dacians went ;
 Bristolians, men of might,
 Fought in the bloody fight,
 And acted deeds full quaint.

Oh thou, where'er (thy bones at rest)
Thy sprite to haunt delighteth best,
Whether upon the blood-embued plain,
Or where thou kennest from far
The dismal cry of war,

Or seest some mountain made of corse of slain ;
Or seest the hatchèd ¹ steed
A-prancing o'er the mead,
And neigh to be among the pointed spears ;
Or in black armour stalk'st around
Embattled Bristol, once thy ground,
And glowest, ardurous, ² on the castle-stairs ;

Or fiery round the minster glare, ³
Let Bristol still be made thy care ;
Guard it from foemen and consuming fire.
Like Avon's stream engird it round,
Nor let a flame enharm the ground,
Till in one flame all the whole world expire.

¹ " Covered with achievements."—C.

² Burning.

³ For "glarest," or "dost glare."

ÆLLA,

A Tragycal Enterlude, or Discoorseynge Tragedie,

WROTENN BIE THOMAS ROWLEIE ;

*Plaiedd before Mastre Canynge, atte hys howse nempte the
Rodde Lodge ; also before the Duke of Norfolck,
Johan Howard.*

EPISTLE TO MASTRE CANYNGE ON ÆLLA.

'TIS sung by minstrels that in ancient time,
When Reason veiled herself in clouds of night,
The priest delivered all the law in rhyme,
Like painted tilting-spear to please the sight,
The which in its fell use doth make much dere,¹
So did their ancient lay deftly delight the ear.

Perchance in Virtue's cause rhyme might be then,
But oft now flieth to the other side ;
In holy priest appears the ribald's pen,
In wily monk appears the baron's pride ;
But rhyme with some, as adder without teeth,
Makes pleasaunce to the sense, but may do little scath.

¹ Hurt, damage.

Sir John, a knight who hath a barn of lore,
 Knows Latin at first sight from French or Greek ;
 Plagueth his knowledge for ten years or more,
 To settle on the Latin word to speak.
 Whoever speaketh English is despised,
 The English him to please must first be Latinised.

Vivian, a monk, a good requiem sings,
 Can preach so well, each hind his meaning knows ;
 Albeit these good gifts away he flings,
 Being as bad in verse as good in prose.
 He sings of saints who dièd for their God,
 And every winter night afresh he sheds their blood.

To maidens, housewives, and unlearnèd dames,
 He reads his tale of merriment and woe.
 Laugh¹ loudly dinneth from the dull adrames ;²
 He swells on praise of fools, still knows them so :
 Sometimes at tragedy they laugh and sing,
 At merry, mirthful tale some hard-drained water bring.

Yet Vivian is no fool, beyond his lines. . . .
 Geoffrey makes verse, as tradesmen make their ware ;
 Words without sense full cunningly he twines,
 Cutting his story off as with a shear ;
 Wastes months on nothing, and (his story done)
 No more you from it know, than if you'd ne'er begun.

Enough of others ; of myself to write,
 Requiring what I do not now possess, .
 To you I leave the task ; I know your might
 Will make my faults, my mint of faults, be less.
 "Ælla" with this I send, and hope that you
 Will from it cast away what lines may be untrue.

Plays made from holy tales I hold unmeet,
 Let some great story of a man be sung ;
 When, as a man, we God and Jesus treat,
 In my poor mind we do the Godhead wrong.
 But let no words, which droorie¹ may not hear,
 Be placèd in the same. Adieu until anere.²

THOMAS ROWLEIE.

LETTER TO THE DYGNE³ MASTRE CANYNGE.

STRANGE doom it is, that in these days of ou
 Naught but a bare recital can have place ;
 Now shapely poesy hath lost its powers,
 And prosy history is only grace ;
 They pick up noxious weeds instead of flowers,
 And families, instead of wit, they trace :
 Now poesy can meet with no regrave,⁴
 Whilst prose and heraldry rise in estate.

Let kings and rulers, when they gain a throne,
 Show what their grandsires and great-grandsires bore,
 Emblazoned arms that, not before their own,
 Now ranged with what their fathers had before ;
 Let trades and town-folk let such things alone,
 Nor fight for sable in a field of or :
 Seldom or never are arms virtue's meed,
 She never to take mickle aye doth heed.⁵

¹ Purity ; modesty.

² Another time.

³ Worthy.

⁴ Esteem.

⁵ C. has—"She nillynge (unwilling) to take myckle aie doth hede," which is unintelligible. Skeat's rendering is—"She ne'er to take too much doth aye take heed."

A man askance upon a piece may look,
 And shake his head to stir his wit about ;
 Quoth he, if I quick glancing o'er this book,
 Should find therein that truth is left without ;
 Eke if unto a view perchance I took
 The long bede-roll of all the writing rout,
 Asserius, Ingulphus, Turgot, Bede,
 Throughout them all nought like it I could read.

Pardon, ye greybeards, if I say, unwise
 Ye are to stick so close and steadfastly
 To history ; you do it too much prize,
 Which hath diminished thoughts of poesy .
 Some paltry share you should to that alyse,¹
 Not making everything be history ;
 Instead of mounting on a wingèd horse,
 You on a cart-horse drive in doleful course.

Canynge and I from common course dissent,
 We ride the horse but give to him the rein,
 Nor will between craz'd mouldering books be pent,
 But soar on high and in the sunbeams sheen ;
 And where we find some flower, plucked, besprent,
 We take it, and from old rust doth it clean ;
 We will not chained to one pasture be,
 But sometimes soar 'bove truth of history.

Say, Canynge, what was verse in days of yore ?
 Fine thoughts, and couplets cleverly bewyren,²
 Not such as do annoy this age so sore,
 A formal pencil resting at each line.

¹ Allow.² Expressed.

Verse may be good, but poesy wants more,
 A boundless subject and a song a-dygne.
 According to the rule I have this wrought ;
 If it please Canynge I care not a groat.

The thing itself must be its own defence ;
 Some metre may not please a woman's ear.
 Canynge looks not for poesy but sense ;
 And noble, worthy thoughts are all his care.
 Canynge, adieu ! I do you greet from hence,
 Full soon I hope to taste of your good cheer ;
 Good Bishop Carpenter did bid me say,
 He wish'd you health and happiness for aye.

 ENTRODUCTIONNE.

SOME soothing comfort 'tis to gentle mind,
 When they have forth redeemed their land from
 bane,¹
 When they are dead, they leave their name behind,
 And their good deeds do on the earth remain ;
 Down in the grave we bury every stain,
 Whilst all their gentleness is made to sheen,²
 Like comely baubles seldom to be seen.

Ælla, the warden of this castle-stead,
 Whilst Saxons did the English sceptre sway,
 Who made whole troops of Dacyan men to bleed,
 Then closed his eyes, and closed his eyes for aye,
 We rouse him up before the Judgment day,
 To say what he, as clergyond,³ can ken,
 And how he sojourned in the vale of men.

¹ Ruin.² Shine.³ Taught.

ÆLLA.

PERSONNES REPRESENTEDD.

Ælla . . . bie Thomas Rowleie, Preeste, the Aucthoure.
 Celmonde . . „ Johan Iscam, Preeste.
 Hurra . . . „ Syrr Thybbotte Gorges, Knyghte.
 Birtha . . . „ Master Edwarde Canynge.
 Odherr partes bie Knyghtes, Mynstrelles, etc.

Scene, Bristol.

Enter CELMONDE.

I.

Cel. Before yon ruddy sun hath driv'n his wain
 Through half his journey, dight in cloth of gold,
 Me, hapless me, he will a wretch behold,
 Myself, and all that's mine, bound in mischance's
 chain.

II.

Ah ! Bertha, why did Nature frame thee fair ?
 Why art thou all that painting can bewreene ?¹
 Why art thou not as coarse as others are ?
 But then thy soul would through thy visage
 sheen,²
 That shines upon thy comely semylkeene,³
 Like nut-brown clouds, when by the sun made
 red,
 Or scarlet, with choice linen cloth ywreene ;⁴
 Such would thy sprite upon thy visage spread.
 This day, brave Ælla, doth thine hand and heart,
 Claim as his own to be, which ne'er from his must
 part.

¹ Express. ² Shine. ³ Countenance. ⁴ Covered.

III.

And can I live to see her with anere ?¹
 It cannot, must not, nay, it shall not be !
 This night I'll put strong poison in the beer,
 And him, her, and myself, at once will slea.
 Assist me, Hell ! let devils round me 'tend,
 To slay myself, my love, and eke my doughty
 friend. [Exit.]

Enter ÆLLA and BERTHA.

Æl. Not when the holy priest did make me knight,
 Blessing the weapon, telling future deed,
 How by my hand the hardy Dane should bleed,
 How I should often be, and often win in fight ;

IV.

Not when I first beheld thy beauteous hue,
 Which struck my mind and roused my softer
 soul ;
 Not when from armèd horse in fight did view
 The flying Dacyans o'er the wide plain roll,
 When all the troops of Denmark made great dole,
 Did I feel joy with such a force as now,
 When holy priest, the healer of the soul,
 Did knit us both in a fast-binding vow ;
 Now holy Ælla's happiness is great,
 And Fate hath now y-made his woes for to emmate.²

V.

Ber. My lord and husband, such a joy is mine ;
 But maiden modesty must not so say,

¹ Another.

² Lessen.

Albeit thou may'st read it in mine eyne,
 Or in my heart, where thou shalt be for aye ;
 In sooth, I have but recompensed thy faie ;¹
 For twelve times twelve the moon hath been
 yblent,²
 As many times hath vied the god of day,
 And on the grass her rays of silver sent,
 Since thou didst choose me for thy love to be,
 And acting in the same most faithfully to me.

VI.

Oft have I seen thee at the noon-day feast,
 Enthronèd by thyself, for want of peers,
 And while thy merry men did laugh and jest,
 On me thou seem'st all eyes, to me all ears.
 Thou watchest me as if in hundred fears,
 Lest a disdainful look to thee be sent,
 And offerings mad'st me, more than thy compeers,
 Of scarfs of scarlet, and fine parament ;³
 All thy intent to please was but to me,
 I say it, I must strive that thou rewarded be.

VII.

Æl. My little kindnesses which I did do,
 Thy gentleness doth picture them too great.
 Like monstrous elephants my gnats do show ;
 Thou dost my thoughts of paying love amate.⁴
 But had my actions stretched the roll of fate,
 Snatched thee from hell, or brought heav'n
 down to thee,
 Laid the whole world a footstool at thy feet,
 One smile would be sufficient need for me.

¹ Constancy, faith.³ Robes of scarlet, apparel.² Blinded.⁴ Destroy

I am love's borrower, and can never pay,
But be his borrower still, and thine, my sweet for
aye.

VIII.

Ber. Love, do not rate your services so small,
As I to you, such love unto me bear ;
For nothing past will Bertha ever call,
Nor on a food from Heaven think to cheer.
As far as this frail brittle flesh will spare,
Such, and no further, I expect of you ;
Be not too slack in love, nor over dear ;
A small fire than a loud flame proves more true.
Æl. Thy gentle words do thy sweet nature ken,¹
To have more learning far than is in many men.

IX.

Enter CELMONDE and MINSTRELS.

Cel. All blessings shower on gentle Ælla's head !
Oft may the moon, in silver shining light,
In varied changes varied blessings shed,
Extending far abroad mischances night ;
And thou, fair Bertha ! thou, fair dame so bright,
Long mayst thou with Ælla find much peace,
With happiness as with a robe, be dight,
With every changing moon new joys increase !
I, as a token of my love to speak,
Have brought you jugs of ale, at night your care to
break.

X.

Æl. When supper's past we'll drink your ale so strong,
Bring't life or death.

Cel. Ye minstrels, chant your song.

¹ Know.

XI.

Minstrels' Song, by a Man and Woman.

Man. Turn thee to thy shepherd swain,
Bright sun hath not drunk the dew.
From the flowers of yellow hue ;
Turn thee, Alice, back again.

XII.

Wom. No, deceiver, I will go,
Softly tripping o'er the leas,
Like the silver-footed doe,
Seeking shelter in green trees.

XIII.

Man. See the moss-grown daisied bank,
Peering in the stream below ;
Here we'll sit, on dewy dank,
Turn thee, Alice, do not go.

XIV.

Wom. I've heard of yore my grandame say,
Young demoiselles should never be,
In the sylvan month of May,
With young men by the greenwood tree.

XV.

Man. Sit thee, Alice, sit and hark,
How the blackbird chants his note,
The goldfinch and the grey morn lark,
Chanting from their little throat.

XVI.

Wom. I hear them from each greenwood tree,
Chanting out so blatantly,
Telling in their songs to me,
Mischief is when you are nigh.

XVII.

Man. See along the meads so green,
Pièd daisies, king-cups sweet ;
All we see, by none are seen,
None but sheep set here their feet.

XVIII.

Wom. Shepherd swain, my dress you hold,
Out upon you ! let me go,
Leave me, sir, or I will scold,
Robin, this your dame shall know.

XIX.

Man. See ! the crooked bryony
Round the poplar twist his spray ;
Round the oak the green ivy
Flourisheth and liveth aye.

XX.

Let us seat us by this tree,
Laugh, and sing to loving airs ;
Come, and do not bashful be,
Nature made all things by pairs.

XXI.

Modest cats will after kind ;
Gentle doves will kiss and coo.
Wom. But man, must be ywrynde,¹
Till sir priest make one of two.

XXII.

Man. By the child of Mary born,
To-morrow, soon as it is day,
I'll make thee wife, nor be forsworn,
So 'tide me life or death for aye.

XXIII.

Wom. What doth keep us, but that now,
We at once thus hand in hand,
Unto minister should go
And be linked in wedlock's band ?

XXIV.

Man. I agree, and thus I plight
Hand and heart and all that's mine ;
Good Sir Roger do us right
Make us one at Cuthbert's shrine.

XXV.

Both. We will in a cottage live,
Happy though of no estate ;
Every day more love shall give,
We in goodness will be great.

¹ Repulsed.

XXVI.

Æl. I like this song, i' faith I like it well ;
And there is money for your singing now.
But have you none that married blessings tell ?

Cel. In marriage blessings are but few, I trow.

Minst. My lord, we have ; and, if you please, will sing,
As well as our hoarse voices will permit.


Æl. Come then, and see you sweetly tune the string,
And stretch and fashion all your human wit,
To please my dame.

Minst. We'll strain our wit and sing.

XXVII.

First Minst. The budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads are dappled with the yellow hue ;
In daisied mantle is the mountain dight,
The tender cowslip bendeth with the dew ;
The trees enleaved, unto heaven straught,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din are
brought.

XXVIII.

The evening comes and brings the dew along ;
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne ;
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the door-post doth entwine ;
I lay me on the grass ; yet, to my will,
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still. 

XXIX.

Second Minst. So Adam thought long since in Paradise,
When heaven and earth did homage to his mind ;

In woman only man's chief pleasure lies,
 As instruments of joy are those of kind.¹
 Go, take a wife unto thine arms, and see
 Winter and dull-hued hills will have a charm for thee.

XXX.

Third Minst. When Autumn sad but sun-lit doth appear,
 With his gold hand gilding the falling leaf,
 Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
 Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf;
 When all the hills with woolly seed are white,
 When lightning-fires and gleams do meet from far the
 sight;

XXXI.

When the fair apple, flushed as the even sky
 Doth bend the tree unto the fertile ground;
 When juicy pears, and berries of black dye,
 Do dance in air and call the eye around;
 'Then, foul the eve may be, or be it fair,
 Methinks my heart's content is dashed with some dark
 care.

XXXII.

Second Minst. Angels are formed to be of neither kind,
 Angels alone from passion's play are free,
 There is a somewhat ever in the mind,
 That, without woman, cannot stillèd be,
 No saint in cell, but having blood and tere,²
 Doth find the sprite to joy at sight of woman fair.

¹ Nature.² Health, feeling.

XXXIII.

Women are made not for themselves but man,
 Born of his bone, and child of his desire ;
 And from a useless member first began,
 Y-wrought with much of water, little fire ;
 Therefore they seek the fire of love, to heat
 The milkiness of kind,¹ and make themselves complete.

XXXIV.

Albeit, without woman, men were peers
 To savage kind, and would but live to war ;
 But woman oft the sprite of peace so cheers,
 Joined in angelic joy they angels are !
 Go, quickly take thee to thy bed a wife,
 Be cursed or highly blest in proving married life.

Another Minstrel's Song, by SIR THYBBOT GEORGES.

XXXV.

As Elinour by the green arbour was sitting,
 As from the sun's heat she hurried,
 She said, as her white hands white hosen were
 knitting,
 " What pleasure it is to be married !

XXXVI.

My husband, Lord Thomas, a forester bold,
 As ever clove pin or the basket,
 Doth never a comfort from Elinour hold,
 I have it as soon as I ask it.

¹ Nature.

XXXVII.

When I lived with my father in merry Cloud-dell,
 Though 'twas at my choice to mind spinning,
 I still wanted something, but what ne'er could tell,
 My sire's barbed¹ hall had nought winning.

XXXVIII.

Each morning I rise, do I set all my maidens,
 Some to spin, some to curdle, some bleaching ;
 If any new entered do ask for my aidance,
 Then quickly you find me a-teaching.

XXXIX.

Lord Walter, my father, he lovèd me well,
 And nothing unto me was needing ;
 But should I again go to merry Cloud-dell,
 In truth it would be without redeynge."²

XL.

She said, and Lord Thomas came over the lea,
 As he the fat deerkins was chasing,
 She put up her knitting, and to him went she ;
 So we leave them both kindly embracing.

XLI.

Æl. I like eke this ; go in unto the feast,
 We will permit you antecedent³ be ;
 There sweetly sing each carol, and loud jest,
 And there is money, that you merry be.
 Come, gentle love, we will to spouse-feast go,
 And there in ale and wine shall drowned be every woe.

¹ Armour-hung.² Wisdom, deliberation.³ To go before.

XLII.

ÆLLA, BERTHA, CELMONDE, MESSENGER.

Mess. Ælla, the Danes are thundering on our coast,
 Like shoals of locusts, cast up by the sea ;
 Magnus and Hurra, with a doughty host,
 Are raging, to be quenched by none but thee ;
 Haste, swift as lightning, to these rovers flee,
 Thy dogs alone can tame this raging bull.
 Haste, quickly, for full near the town they be,
 And Wedēcester's roll of doom is full.
 Haste, haste, O Ælla, to the battle fly,
 For in a moment's space ten thousand men may die.

XLIII.

Æl. Beshrew thee for thy news ! I must be gone.
 Was ever luckless doom so hard as mine ?
 Thus from enjoyment dear to war to run,
 To change the silk vest for the gaberdine.¹
Ber. O ! like an adder let me round thee twine,
 And shield thy body from the shafts of war.
 Thou shalt not, must not, from thy Bertha ryne,²
 But hear the din of trumpets from afar.
Æl. O love ! was this thy joy, to show the treat,
 Then rudely to forbid thy hungered guests to eat ?

XLIV.

O my upswelling heart, what words can say
 The pains, that passeth in my soul ybrent ?³
 Thus to be torn upon my spousal day,
 O ! 'tis a pain beyond entendement.⁴

¹ A loose upper garment ; here probably in the sense of a military cloak. ² Run. ³ Burnt up. ⁴ Comprehension.

Ye mighty Gods, and are your favours sent,
 As thus, firm fastened to a load of pain?
 Must we aye hold in chase the shade content,
 And for a body but a shade obtain?
 O! why, ye saints, oppress ye thus my soul?
 How shall I speak my woe, my sad, my dreary dole?

XLV.

Cel. Sometimes the wisest lacketh poor man's rede.¹
 Reason and cunning wit oft flee away.
 Then, master, let me say with homaged dread
 (Beneath your foot low laid) my counsel say;
 If thus we let the matter still delay,
 The foe is every instant gaining foot,
 My lord, pray let the spearmen, dight for fray,
 And all the booted soldiers go about.
 I speak, my lord, but only to uprise
 Your wit from marvel and the warrior to alyse.²

XLVI.

Æl. Ah! now thou putttest arrows in my heart,
 My soul doth now begin to see hersel'.
 I will uprise my might, and do my part,
 To slay the foemen in my fury fell.
 But how can tongue my ramping fury tell,
 Which riseth from my love to Bertha fair?
 Nor could the devil, and the might of hell,
 Create impleasaunce³ of so black a gear.⁴
 Yet I will be myself, and rouse my sprite
 To act full bravely and go meet the bloody fight.

¹ Counsel, advice.² Set free.³ Annoyance.⁴ Appearance, dress

XLVII.

Ber. No, thou shalt never leave thy Bertha's side,
 Nor shall the wind upon us blow alleyne;¹
 I, like an adder, will unto thee bide,
 'Tide life, 'tide death, it shall behold us twain.
 I have my part of dreary dole and pain.
 It bursteth from me at the hidden eyne;²
 In tides of tears my dying sprite will drain
 If dreary dole is thine, 'tis two times mine.
 Go not, O Ælla; with thy Bertha stay,
 For with thy comeliness my sprite will go away.

XLVIII.

Æl. Oh! 'tis for thee, for thee alone I feel,
 Yet I must be myself; with valour's gear
 I'll crown my heart, and clothe my limbs in steel,
 And shake the bloody sword and stained spear.
Ber. Can Ælla from his breast his Bertha tear?
 Is she so rough and loathsome to his sight?
 Deceitful wight! is deadly war so dear?
 Thou prizest me below the joys of fight.
 Thou shalt not leave me, albeit the earth
 Hung pendant by thy sword, and craved for thy
 morthe.³

XLIX.

Æl. Didst thou know how my woes, as stars ybrent,⁴
 Headed by these thy words, do on me fall,
 Thou wouldest strive to give my heart content,
 Waking my sleeping mind to honour's call.
 Of happiness, I prize thee more than all
 Heaven can me send, or cunning wit acquire,

1 Alone. 2 Eyes. 3 Death. 4 Burning, in this passage.

Yet I will leave thee, on the foe to fall,
Returning to thine eyes with double fire.

Ber. Must Bertha favour ask and be denied?
Receive at once a dart, in happiness and pride?

L.

Do stay, at least till morrow's sun appears.

† *Æl.* Thou knowest well the Dacians' mighty power;
With them a minute worketh bane for years;
They undo realms within a single hour.
Rouse all thy honour, Bertha; look attoure,¹
Thy bleeding country, which for hasty deed
Calls, for the ruling of some doughty power
To stay its spoilers, make its foemen bleed.

Ber. Rouse all thy love; false and deceitful wight,
Nor leave thy Bertha thus upon pretence of fight.

LI.

Thou needst not go, until thou hast command
Under the signet of our lord the king.

Æl. And wouldst thou make me then a recreant?
Holy Saint Mary, keep me from the thing!
Here, Bertha, thou hast put a double sting,
One for thy love, another for thy mind.

Ber. Offended, Ælla, thy upbraiding blynde,²
'Twas love of thee that foul intent ywrynde.³
Yet hear me supplicate, to me attend,
Hear from my bursting heart the lover and the
friend.

LII.

Let Celmonde in thine armour-suit be dight,
And in thy stead unto the battle go,

¹ Around.

² Cease.

³ Disclosed.

Thy name alone will put the Danes to flight,
The air that bears it would press down the foe.

Æl. In vain thou wouldst me recreant do ;¹

I must, I will fight for my country's weal,
And leave thee for it. Celmonde swiftly go,

Tell my Bristowans to be dight in steel ;
Tell them I scorn to ken them from afar,
But leave the virgin bridal-bed for bed of war.

[*Exeunt CELMONDE and Messenger.*]

LIII.

Ber. And thou wilt go ? O my upswelling heart !

Æl. My country waits my march, I must away ;

Albeit I should go to meet the dart

Of certain death, yet here I would not stay.

But thus to leave thee, Bertha, doth asswaie ²

More torturing pains than can be said by tongue.

Yet rouse thy honour up and await the day,

When round about me songs of war they sing.

O Bertha, strive my grief to drive away,

And joyous see mine arms dight out in war's array.

LIV.

Ber. Hard is the penance, yet I'll strive

To keep my woe close hidden in my breast ;

Albeit naught may to me pleasure give,

Like thee I'll strive to set my mind at rest.

Yet oh ! forgive, if I have thee distressed ;

Love, doughty love, will bear no other sway.

Just as I was with Ælla to be blest,

Fate foully thus hath snatchèd him away.

It was a pain too doughty to be borne, [y-torn.

Without a flood of tears and breast with sighs

¹ Make.

² Cause. It is unauthorised.

LV.

Æl. Thy mind is now thyself ; why wilt thou be
 All fair, all kingly, all so wise in mind.
 Only to let poor wretched Ælla see,
 What wondrous gems he now must leave behind ?
O Bertha fair, watch every coming wind,
 On every breeze I will a token send ;
 On my long shield thy name engraved thou'lt find ;
 But here comes *Celmonde*, worthy knight and
 friend.

Enter CELMONDE.

Cel. Thy Bristol knights for thy forthcoming lynge ;¹
 Each one athwart his back his long war shield
 doth sling.

LVI.

Æl. *Bertha*, adieu ! but yet I cannot go.
Ber. Life of my sprite, my gentle Ælla stay ;
 Torture me not with such a dreary woe.
Æl. I must ; I will ; 'tis honour calls away.
Ber. O my distracted heart, burst, burst in twaie.²
 Ælla, for honour flies away from me !
Æl. *Bertha*, adieu ! I may not here now stay.
 I'm flying from myself in flying thee. [*Exit.*
Ber. O, Ælla, husband, friend, and master, stay.
 He's gone, he's gone, alas ! perchance he's gone
 for aye. [*Exit.*

LVII.

CELMONDE, alone.

Cel. Hope, holy sister, sweeping through the sky,
 In crown of gold, and robe of lily white.

¹ Long.² Twain.

Which far abroad in gentle air doth fly,
 Meeting from distance the enraptured sight,
 Albeit oft thou takest thy high flight,
 Wrapped in a mist, and with thine eyes yblent,¹
 Now comest thou to me with starry light ;
 Unto thy vest the red sun is adente ;²
 The summer-tide and month of May appear,
 Painted with cunning hand upon thy wide
 aumere.³

LVIII.

I from a night full hopeless am adawed,⁴
 Astonished at the sweetness of the day.
 Ælla, by nought more than his myndbruche⁵
 awed,
 Is gone, and I must follow, to the fray ;
 Celmonde can ne'er from any battle stay.
 Doth war begin ? There's Celmonde in his
 place ;
 But when the war is done I'll haste away.
 The rest from 'neath time's mask must show its
 face.
 I see unnumbered joys around me rise,
 Forth standeth future doom, and joy doth me alyse.⁶

LIX.

Oh honour, honour, what is by thee hanne ?⁷
 Happy the robber and the cottager,
 Who knows not thee, or is to thee bestanne,⁸
 And nothing does thy mickle ghastness fear.

¹ Blinded. ² Fastened. ³ Robe or girdle. ⁴ Awakened.
⁵ Emulation, says Chatterton. Bailey has "mindburch, a
 hurting of honour and worship." ⁷ Gained.
⁶ Release, says Skeat. Chatterton has "quit." ⁸ Lost.

Fain would I from my bosom all thee tear,
 For there, thou scatterest thy lightning brand ;
 And for my withered soul, thou art the gare ;¹
 Slain is my comfort by thy fiery hand ;
 As some tall hill, when winds do shake the ground.
 It wasteth all abroad, by bursting hidden wound.

LX.

Honour ! what is it ? 'tis a shadow's shade,
 A thing of witchcraft, but an idle dream ;
 One of the monsters which the church hath made,
 Men without souls and women for to fleme.²
 Knights who oft know the loud din of the beme,³
 Should pay no heed to such enfeebling ways,
 Make every action, like their souls, be breme,⁴
 And for their chivalry alone have praise.

Oh thou, whate'er thy name,
 Or Zabalus⁵ or Queed,⁵
 Come, steel my sable sprite
 For strange and doleful deed ! [*Exit.*]

LXI.

*Enter MAGNUS, HURRA, and HIGH PRIEST, with the
 Army, near Watchet.*

Mag. Quick, let the offerings to the gods begin,
 To know of them the issue of the fight,
 Put both the blood-stained sword and dagger in,
 Spread quickly all around the holy light.

¹ Cause.² Terrify.³ Trumpet.⁴ Brave.⁵ The devil.

HIGH PRIEST *singeth.*

Ye who, high in murky air,
 Deal the seasons foul or fair,
 Ye who, when ye were in ire,
 Wreathed the moon in robe of fire,
 Moved the stars, and did unbind
 Every barrier to the wind ;
 When the foaming waves distressed,
 Striving to be overest,¹
 Sucking in the spire-girt town,
 Swallowing whole nations down,
 Sending death, on plagues astroed,²
 Moving like the earthe's God,
 To me send your hest divine,
 Light enlighten all mine eyne,³
 That I may now undevis⁴
 All the actions of th' emprise.⁵

[*Falleth down and afterward riseth.*

Thus say the gods : " Go issue to the plain,
 For there shall mint of mighty men be slain."

LXII.

Mag. Why, so there ever was when Magnus fought,
 Oft have I scattered terror through the host,
 E'en through their swords, like demon sore dis-
 traught,
 Hath Magnus pressing wrought his foemen
 loaste.⁶
 As when a tempest vexeth sore the coast,
 The welling wave the sandy strand doth tear,

¹ Uppermost.² Astride.³ Eyes.⁴ Explain.⁵ Enterprise.⁶ Loss.

So have I in the war the javelin toss'd,
 Full many a champion's breast received my
 spear.
 My shield, like summer marshy fen-fire droke,¹
 My lethal spear is like a lightning-melted oak.

LXIII.

Hur. Thy words are great, full high of sound, and eke
 Like thunder, to the which doth come no rain.
 It lacketh² not a doughty hand to speak;
 The cock doth say the least, yet armed is he
 alone.
 Certès thy wordès great, thou might'st have sayne³
 Of me, and many more, who eke can fight,
 Who both have trodden down the aventayle,⁴
 And torn the helms from heads of mickle might.
 So then since might so great is placèd in thy hand
 Let blows thine actions speak, and by thy courage
 stand.

LXIV.

Mag. Thou art a warrior, Hurra, that I ken,
 And greatly famèd for thy handy deed.
 Thou fightest but 'gainst maidens and not men,
 Nor aye thou makest armèd hearts to bleed.
 Oft I, caparisoned on bloody steed,
 Have seen thee far beneath me in the fight,
 With corpses I bestrewing every mead,
 And thou amazed, and wondering at my might.

¹ This line is unintelligible. The original is—"Mie sheelde lyche sommere morie gronfer droke." "Droke" means dry.

² Here equal to "needeth." ³ Said.

⁴ Beaver, or part of a helmet that admits the air.

Then wouldest thou come in for my renome,¹
Albeit thou woul'd'st run away from bloody doom.

LXV.

Hur. How ! but he stayed, my rage—I know aright
Both thee and thine may not be worthy peene;²
Eftsoon I hope we shall engage in fight,
Then to the soldiers all thou wilt bewreene.³
I'll prove my courage on the armèd green,
'Tis there alone I'll tell thee what I be.
If I wield not the deadly spear adeene,⁴
Then let my name be full as low as thee.
This my indented shield, this my war-spear,
Shall tell the falling foe if Hurra's heart can fear.

LXVI.

Mag. Magnus would speak, but that his noble sprite
Is filled with rage, he knows not what to say.
He'd speak with blows, in drops of blood he'd
write,
And on thy head would paint his might for aye.
If thou against a wolfin's rage woul'd'st stay,
'Tis here to meet it ; but if not then, go,
Lest I in fury should my arms display,
Which to thy body will work mickle woe.
Oh ! I am mad, distraught with burning rage,
No seas of reeking gore will my chaf'd heart assuage.

LXVII.

Hur. I know thee, Magnus, well ; a wight thou art
That dost but slide along in pained distress,

¹ Renown. ² Punishment. ³ Disclose. ⁴ Worthily.

Strong bull in body, lion's whelp in heart,
 I almost wish thy prowess were made less !
 When Ælla (name dressed up in ugsomeness ¹
 To thee and recreants) thundered on the plain,
 How didst thou through the first of flyers press !
 Swifter than wingèd arrow didst thou reyne,²
 A running prize on saint's day to ordain,
 Magnus, and none but he, the running prize will
 gain.

LXVIII.

Mag. Eternal plagues devour thy cursed tongue !
 Myriads of adders prey upon thy sprite !
 Mayst thou feel all the pains of age whilst young,
 Unmann'd, uney'd, excluded aye the light,
 Thy senses, like thyself, enwrapped in night,
 A scoff to foemen, and to beasts a peer,
 May forkèd lightning on thy head alight,
 May on thee fall the fury of th' unweere,³
 Fen-vapours blast thy every manly power,
 May thy curs'd body quick the loathsome pains
 devour !

LXIX.

Fain would I curse thee further but my tyngue⁴
 Denies my heart the favour so to do ;
Hur. Now by the Dacian gods, and Heaven's king
 With fury, as thou didst begin, pursue ;
 Call on my head all tortures that be rou,⁵
 Curse on, till thine own tongue thy curses feel ;

¹ Terror.² Run.³ Storm.⁴ Tongue.⁵ Terrible.

Send on my head the blighting lightning blue,
 The thunder loud, the swelling azure rele.¹
 Thy words are high of din, but naught beside,
 Curse on, good chieftain, fight with words of mickle
 pride.

LXX.

Mag. But do not waste thy breath lest Ælla come.
 Ælla and thou together sink to hell !
 Be your names blasted from the roll of doom !
 I fear not Ælla, that thou knowest well.
 Disloyal traitor, wilt thou now rebel ?
 'Tis ordered that thy men be linked to mine,
 Both sent as troops of wolves to slaughter fell ;
 But now thou wantest them to be all thine.
 Now, by the gods that rule the Dacian state,
 Speak thou in rage once more, I will thee dysregate.²

LXXI.

Hur. I prize thy threats just as I do thy banes,³
 The seed of malice and of passion all.
 Thou art a stain unto the name of Danes ;
 Thou only to thy tongue for proof canst call.
 Thou art a worm so grovelling and so small,
 I with thy blood would scorn to foul my
 sword,
 But with thy weapons would upon thee fall,
 And like thy own fear, slay thee with a word.
 I Hurra am myself, and aye will be,
 As great in valorous acts and in command as thee.

¹ Wave.² Meaning uncertain, probably "desert" or "withdraw from."³ Curses.

LXXII.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. ¹ Cease your contentions, chiefs ; for as I stood
 Upon my watch, I spied an army coming,
 Not like a handful of a frightened foe,
 But black with armour, moving terribly,
 Like a black full cloud, that doth go along
 To drop in hail and help the thunder-storm.

Mag. Are there many of them ?

Mes. Thick as the ant-flies in a summer's noon,
 Seeming as though they sting as keenly too.

LXXIII.

Hur. What matters that ? let's set our war-array.
 Go sound the trump, let champions prepare,
 Not doubting, we will sting as fast as they.
 What ? dost thou lose thy blood ? is it for fear ?
 Wouldst thou gain the town, and castle-stere,²
 And yet not battle with the soldier guard ?
 Go, hide thee in my tent beneath the lere,³
 I of thy body will keep watch and ward.

Mag. Our Gods of Denmark know my heart is good.

Hur. For naught upon the earth, but to be raven's food !

LXXIV.

Enter a Second Messenger.

Mes. As from my tower I saw the coming foe,
 I spied the crossèd shield and bloody sword,

¹ This speech and that of the second messenger are in blank verse.

² "The hold of the castle."—C. Skeat conjectures "castle stair."

³ Leather covering.

The furious Ælla's banner ; within ken
 The army is. Disorder through our host
 Is flying, borne on wings of Ælla's name ;
 Stir, stir, my lords.

Mag. What ? Ælla ! and so near !
 Then Denmark's ruined ; oh, my rising fear !

LXXV.

Hur. What dost thou mean ? this Ælla's but a man.
 Now by my sword, thou art a very berne.¹
 Of late I did thy coward valour scan,
 When thou didst boast so much of action derne,²
 But I to war, my doings quick must turn,
 To cheer the footmen on to mighty deed.

Mag. I to the knights on every side will burn,
 Telling them all to make her foemen bleed.
 Since shame or death on either side will be,
 My heart I will uprise, and in the battle slea.³

[*Exeunt.*]

LXXVI.

ÆLLA, CELMONDE, and Army near Watchet.

Æl. Now having done our matins and our vows,
 Let us for the intended fight be boune,⁴
 And every champion put the joyous crown
 Of certain victory upon his glistening brows.

LXXVII.

As for my heart, I own it is, as e'er
 It has been in the summer-sheen of fate,

¹ Child.

² Terrible.

³ Slay.

⁴ Ready.

Untrammelled by the hideous garb of fear ;
 My blood upswoln, and with mastery state,
 Boils in my veins, and rolls in rapid rate,
 Impatient for to meet the piercing steel,
 And tell the world that Ælla died as great
 As any knight who fought for England's weal.
 Friends, kin, and soldiers, in black armour drear,
 My actions imitate, my present bidding hear.

LXXVIII.

There is no house, all through this fate-girt isle,
 That hath not lost some kin in these fell fights,
 Fat blood hath surfeited the hungry soil,
 And towns aflame have lighted up the nights.
 In robe of fire our holy church they dights,¹
 Our sons lie stiffened in their smoking gore ;
 Up from the root our tree of life they pights,²
 Vexing our coast, as billows do the shore.
 Ye men, if ye are men, display your name,
 Burn up their troops, like to the roaring tempest
 flame.

LXXIX.

Ye Christians, do as worthy of the name, ,
 These spoilers of our holy houses slea ;³
 Burst, like a cloud, from whence doth come the
 flame,
 Like torrents, gushing down the mountains, be.
 And when along the green their champions flee,
 Swift as the red devouring lightning-brand
 That haunts the flying murderer o'er the lea,
 So fly upon these spoilers of the land.

¹ Deck.² Pluck.³ Slay.

Let those that are unto their vessels fled,
Take sleep eterne upon a fiery flaming bed.

LXXX.

Let coward London see her town on fire,
And strive with gold to stay th' invader's hand ;
Ælla and Bristol set their thoughts far higher,
We fight not for ourselves but all the land.
As Severn's bore deposits banks of sand,
Pressing it down beneath the running stream,
And with terrific din sucks in the strand,
Bearing the rocks along in fury breme,¹
So will we bear the Dacian army down,
And through a storm of blood will reach the champion's
crown.

LXXXI.

If in this battle luck deserts our gare,²
To Bristol they will turn their fury dire ;
Bristol, and all her joys, will sink to air,
Burning, perforce, with unaccustomed fire.
Then let our safety doubly move our ire,
Like wolves, that, roving for the evening prey,
Doth see the lamb and shepherd near the briar,
Doth th' one for safety, th' one for hunger slay.
Then when the raven³ croaks upon the plain,
Oh ! let it be the knell to mighty Dacians slain !

LXXXII.

Like a red meteor shall my weapon shine,
Strong as a lion's whelp I'll be in fight,

¹ Fierce.² Cause.³ In reference to the Danish standard, which bore a raven ; also lxxxv. 2.

Like falling leaves the Dacians shall be slain,
 Like a loud-sounding stream shall be my might.
 Ye men who would deserve the name of knight,
 Let bloody tears by all your dirks be wept ;
 To coming times no chronicler shall write,
 When England had her foemen, Bristol slept.
 Yourselves, your children, and your fellows cry
 Go, fight in honour's cause, be brave, and win or die.

LXXXIII.

I say no more ; your hear. the rest shall say.
 Your sprite will find that Bristol is its place ;
 To honour's house I need not mark the way,
 In your own hearts you may the footpath trace,
 'Twixt fate and us there is but little space ;
 The time is now to prove yourselves true men ;
 Draw forth the burnished bill with easy grace,
 Rouse, like a wolf quick rousing from his den.
 Thus I undraw my blade ; begone thou sheath !
 I'll put it not in place till it is sick with death.

LXXXIV.

Sold. On, Ælla, on ; we long for bloody fray,
 We long to hear the raven sing in vain ;
 On, Ælla, on ; we certès gain the day,
 When thou dost lead us to the lethal plain.
Cel. Thy speech, O master, fireth the whole train ;
 They pant for war as hunted wolves for breath.
 Go, and sit crowned on corpses of the slain,
 Go now and wield the massive sword of death.
Sold. From thee, O Ælla, all our courage reigns,
 Each one in fantasy doth lead the Dānes in chains.

LXXXV.

Æl. My countrymen, my friends, your noble sprites
 Speak in your eyes and do your master tell,
 Swift as the rain-storm to the earth alights,
 So will we fall upon these robbers fell :
 Our mowing swords shall plunge them down to
 hell,
 Their thronging corpses shall make dark the
 stars.
 The cellars bursting with the slain shall swell,
 Proving to coming times our famous wars ;
 In every eye I see the flame of might,
 Shining abroad, like to a hill-fire in the night.

LXXXVI.

When pencils of our famous fight shall say,
 Each one will marvel at the valiant deed ;
 Each one will wish that he had seen the day,
 And bravely helped to make the foemen bleed ;
 But for their help our battle will not need,
 Our force is force enough to stay their hand ;
 We will return unto this greenèd mead,
 O'er corses of the foemen of the land.
 Now to the war let all the trumpets sound,
 The Dacian troops appear on yonder rising ground.
 — Chiefs, head your bands, and lead.

LXXXVII.

DANES *flying, near Watchet.*

First Dane. Fly, fly, ye Danes ; Magnus the chief is
 slain,
 The Saxons come with Ælla at their head ;

Let's strive to get away to yonder green.

Fly, fly ; this is the kingdom of the dead.

Second Dane. O gods ! have thousands by my weapon
bled,

And must I now for safety fly away ?

See ! far scattered all our troops are spread,

Yet I will singly dare the bloody fray.

But no ! I'll fly and murder in retreat,

Death, blood, and fire shall mark the going of my feet.

LXXXVIII.

Third Dane. While thinking how to 'scape the furious
foe,

As near unto the billow'd beach I came,

Far off I spied a sight of mickle woe,

Our stately vessels wrapped in sails of flame.

The armèd Dacians who were in the same,

From side to side fled the pursuit of death,

The swelling fire their courage doth inflame,

They leap into the sea, and bubbling yield their
breath ;

Whilst those that are upon the bloody plain

Are death-doomed captives ta'en, or in the battle slain.

LXXXIX.

Hur. Now by the gods, Magnus, discourteous knight,

By craven deed hath brought us mickle woe,

Expending all the tall men in the fight,

And placing valorous men where fools might go.

Since then our fortune hath been turnèd so,

Gather the soldiers left to future shappe,¹

¹ Bailey has "shap, fate or destiny," but the meaning is not clear.

To some new place for safety we will go,
 In future day we will have better hap.
 Sound the loud trumpet for a quick forloyme,¹
 Let all the Dacians quick unto our banner join.

XC.

Through hamlets we will carry death and dole,
 Bathe in hot gore and wash ourselves therein ;
 Gods ! here the Saxons like a billow roll.
 I hear e'en now the swords' detested din !
 Away, away, ye Danes, to yonder pen,²
 We now will make retreat in time to fight again.
[*Excunt.*]

XCI.

CELMONDE, *near* Watchet.

Cel, Oh for a sprite all fire ! to tell the day,
 The day which shall astound the hearer's rede,³
 Making our foemen's envying hearts to bleed,
 And bearing through the world a famous name for aye.

XCII.

Bright sun had in his robes been dight,⁴
 From the red East he flitted with his train.
 The hours drew away the pall of night,
 Her sable tapestry was rent in twain.
 The dancing streaks bedecked heaven's plain,
 And on the dew did smile with shimmering eye,
 Like drops of blood which doth black armour stain,
 Reflected in the burnish that doth stand close by,
 The soldiers stood upon the hill's side,
 Like young enleafed trees that in a forest bide.

¹ Retreat. ² Hill. ³ Mind, thought. ⁴ Decked.

XCIII.

Ælla rose like the tree beset with briars,
 His tall spear shining as the stars at night,
 His eyes appearing like a flame of fire :
 When he encouraged every man to fight,
 His gentle words did move each valorous knight,
 It moveth them as hunters lyoncel's ;¹
 In trebled armour is their courage dight,²
 Each warring heart for praise and glory swells ;
 Like gentle washing of the winding stream,
 Such did the murmuring sound of the whole army
 seem.

XCIV.

He leads them on to fight ; oh then to say
 How Ælla looked, and looking did each cheer,
 Moving as though a mountain in the fray,
 When loud a whirlwind doth its bosom tear.
 To tell how every look would banish fear,
 Would ask an angel's pencil or his tongue.
 Like a tall rock that riseth heaven-were,³
 Like a young wolf both furious and strong,
 So did he go, and mighty warriors head,
 With gore-depicted wings, victory round him fled.⁴

XCV.

The battled joined ; sword upon sword did ring ;
 Ælla was chafed as maddened lions be ;
 Like falling stars he did the javelin fling,
 His mighty weapon, mighty men did slea,⁵

¹ Young lions.² Decked.³ Heaven-ward.⁴ Probably for "flew."⁵ Slay.

Where he did come the frightened foe did flee,
 Or fell beneath his hand, as falling rain,
 With such a fury he did on them dree,¹
 Hills of their corpses rose upon the plain.
 Ælla, thou art—but stay, my tongue, say nee ;²
 How great I him may make, still greater he will be.

XCVI.

Nor did his soldiers see his acts in vain ;
 Here a stout Dane upon his compeer fell ;
 Here lord and peasant sunk upon the plain,
 Here son and father trembled into hell.
 Chief Magnus sought his way, and shame to tell,
 He sought his way for flight ; but Ælla's spear
 Upon the flying Dacian's shoulder fell
 Quite through his body, and his heart did tear ;
 He groaned, and sunk upon the gory green,
 And with his corse increased the piles of Dacians
 sleene.³

XCVII.

Spent with the fight the Danish champions stand,
 Like bulls whose strength and wondrous might
 are fled ;
 Ælla, a javelin gripped in either hand,
 Flies to the throng and dooms two Dacians dead.
 After his act, the army all y-spied ;
 From every one unerring javelins flew ;
 They plied their doughty swords ; the foemen bled ;
 Full three of four of mighty Danes they slew.
 The Danes, with terror ruling at their head,
 Threw down their banner tall, and like a raven fled.

¹ Rush.² Naught.³ Slain.

XCVIII.

The soldiers followed with a mighty cry,
 Cries that might well the stoutest hearts dismay.
 Swift as their ships, the vanquished Dacians fly ;
 Swift as the rain upon an April day,
 Pressing behind, the English soldiers slay :
 But half the tithes of Danish men remain.
 Ælla commands they should the slaughter stay,
 But bind them prisoners on the bloody plain.
 The fighting being done I came away,
 In other fields to fight a more unequal fray.

XCIX.

Enter a Squire.

My servant squire, prepare a flying horse,
 Whose feet are wings, whose pace is like the
 wind.
 Who will outstrip the morning light in course,
 Leaving the mantles of the night behind ;
 Some hidden matters do my presence find.
 Give out to all that I was slain in fight,
 If in this cause thou dost my order mind,
 When I return, thou shalt be made a knight.
 Fly, fly, begone ; an hour is a day
 Quick deck my best of steeds and bring him here—
 away ! *[Exit Squire.]*

C.

Ælla is wounded sore, and in the town
 He waiteth, till his wounds be brought to ethe.¹

¹ Ease, relief.

And shall I from his brows pluck off the crown,
 Making the victor in his victory blethe? ¹
 Oh no ! full sooner should my heart's blood smethe, ²
 Full sooner would I tortured be to death !
 But—Bertha is the prize ; ah ! it were ethe, ³
 To gain so great a prize with loss of breath,
 But then renown eterne—it is but air,
 Bred in the phantasy and only living there.

CI.

Albeit everything in life conspire
 To tell me of the fault I now should do,
 Yet would I hastily assuage my fire,
 And the same means, as I shall now, pursue.
 The qualities I from my parents drew
 Were blood and murder, mastery and war ;
 These I will hold to now, and heed no moe ⁴
 A wound in honour, than a bloody scar.
 Now, Ælla, now I'm planting of a thorn,
 By which thy peace, thy love, and glory shall be torn.

CII.

Scene—Bristol. BERTHA and EGWINA.

Ber. Gentle Egwina, do not preach me joy ;
 I cannot joy in anything but weere. ⁵
 Oh ! that aught should our happiness destroy,
 Flooding the face with woe and briny tear !
Egw. You must, you must endeavour for to cheer
 Your heart unto some comfortable rest.
 Your husband from the battle will appear,
 In honour and in greater love be dress'd ;

¹ Bleed, ² Smoke, ³ Easy, ⁴ More. ⁵ Grief.

But I will call the minstrel's roundelay,
 Perchance the soothing sound may chase your
 grief away. [Enter Minstrels.

CIII.

Mins. Oh sing unto my roundelay ;
 Oh drop the briny tear with me ; ✓
 Dance no more on holiday ;
 Like a running river be !
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree ! ✓

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CIV.

Black his hair as the winter night,
 White his throat as the summer snow,
 Red his cheek as the morning light,
 Cold he lies in the grave below.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree !

CV.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note ;
 Quick in dance as thought can be ;
 Deft his tabbor, cudgel stout,
 Oh, he lies by the willow tree.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree !

CVI.

Hark ! the raven flaps his wing
In the briery dell below ;
Hark ! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the night-mares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree !

CVII.

See ! the white moon shines on high ;
Whiter is my true love's shroud ;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree !

CVIII.

Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid ;
Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree !

CIX

With my hands I'll twist the briers
Round his holy corpse to gre ;¹

¹ Grow.
(18)

Elfin fairy, light your fires,
 Here my body still shall be.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree !

CX.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
 Drain my heart's blood away ;
 Life and all its goods I scorn,
 Dance by night, or feast by day.
 My love is dead,
 Gone to his death-bed,
 All under the willow tree !

CXI.

Water-witches, crowned with reeds,
 Bear me to your deadly tide.
 I die ! I come ! my true love waits !—
 Thus the damsel spoke, and died.

Ber. This singing hath what ought to make it please,
 But my unhappy fate bereaves me of all ease.

[Exeunt

+

CXII.

Scene—Watchet. ÆLLA.

Æl. Curse on my tardy wounds ! bring me a steed !
 I will away to Bertha by this night ;
 Albeit from my wounds my soul doth bleed,
 I will away, and die within her sight.

Bring me a steed with eagle-wings for flight ;
 Swift as my wish, and, as my love is, strong.
 The Danes have wrought me mickle woe in
 fight,
 In keeping me from Bertha's arms so long.
 Oh ! what a doom was mine, since mastery
 Can give no pleasure, nor my land's good light
 mine eye !

CXIII.

Ye gods, how is a lover's temper formed !
 Sometimes the same thing will both curse and
 bless,
 One time 'tis frozen, then by the same thing
 warm'd,
 Now stretchèd forth, and now again made
 less.
 'Tis Bertha's loss which doth my thoughts possess.
 I will, I must away ; why stays my steed ?
 My servants, hither haste ; prepare a dress,
 Which couriers in hasty journeys need.
 Oh heavens ! I must away to Bertha's eyne,¹
 For in her looks I find my being doth entwine.
[Exit.]

CXIV.

Scene—Bristol. CELMONDE.

Cel. The world is dark with night ; the winds are still,
 Faintly the moon her pallid light makes gleam,
 The uprist sprites the silent churchyard fill,
 With elfin fairies joining in the dream ;

¹ Eyes.

The forest shineth with the silver leme ;¹
 Now may my love be sated in its treat ;
 Upon the bank of some swift-running stream,
 At the sweet banquet I will sweetly eat.
 This is the house ; ye hinds, in haste appear.

Enter a Servant.

Go tell to Bertha straight, a stranger waiteth here.
[Exit Servant.]

CXV.

Enter BERTHA.

Ber. Celmonde ! ye saints ! I hope thou hast good news.

Cel. The hope is lost ; for heavy news prepare.

Ber. Is Ælla well ?

Cel. He lives ; and still may use
 The promised blessings of a future year.

Ber. What heavy tidings then have I to fear ?

Of what mischance didst thou so lately say ?

Cel. For heavy tidings quickly now prepare ;

Ælla sore wounded is, in deadly fray ;

In Wedēcester's walled town he lies.

Ber. O my distracted breast !

Cel. Without your sight he dies.

CXVI.

Ber. Will Bertha's presence ease her Ælla's pain ?

I fly ; new wings do from my shoulders spring.

Cel. My steed without will swiftly bear us twain.

Ber. Oh ! I will fly as wind, and no way lynege ;²

¹ Light.

² Linger.

Swiftly caparisons for riding bring.

I have a mind winged with the lightning's
plume.

O Ælla ! Ælla ! didst thou know the sting,

The which doth canker in my true heart's room,
Thou wouldst see plain thyself the cause to be.
Arise, upon thy love, and fly to meet with me.

CXVII.

Cel. The steed on which I came is swift as air,
My servants, too, do wait me near the wood ;
Quickly with me unto the place repair,
To Ælla I will give you conduct good.
Your eyes, like healing balm, will staunch his
blood,
Help on his wounds, and give his heart all cheer.
Upon your eyes he holds his livelihood ;
You do his sprite and all his pleasure bear.
Come, let's away, albeit it is moke,¹
Yet love will be a torch to turn to fire night's smoke.

CXVIII.

Ber. Albeit tempests did the welkin rend,
Rain, like to falling rivers, did fierce be,
Though earth with air inflamed did contend,
Though every breath of wind with plagues did
slee,²
Yet I to Ælla's eyes eftsoon would flee ;
Albeit hawthorns did my flesh enseat,
Owlets, with screeching, shaking every tree,
And water-adders wriggling in each stream,

¹ Dark.

² Slay.

Yet would I fly, nor under covert stay,
 But seek my Ælla out; brave Celmonde, lead the way.
[Exeunt.]

CXIX.

Scene—A Wood. Enter HURRA and Danes.

Hur. Here in this forest let us watch for prey,
 Revenging on our foemen our ill war;
 Whatever shall be English we will slay,
 Spreading our dreaded character afar.
 Ye Dacian men, if Dacian men ye are,
 Let not but blood sufficient for you be;
 On every breast in gory letters scar,
 What sprites you have, and how those sprites
 may dree,¹
 And if ye get away to Denmark's shore,
 Eftsoons we will return, and vanquished be no more.

CXX.

The battle lost a battle was indeed;
 Nor fiends themselves could stand so hard a
 fray;
 Our very armour and our helms did bleed,
 The Dacian's sprites, like dew drops, fled
 away.
 It was an Ælla did command the day;
 In spite of foemen, I must say his might.
 But we in peasant's blood the loss will pay,
 Showing that we know how to win in fight.
 We will, like wolves enloosed from chains, destroy,
 Our arms, like winter night, shut out the day of
 joy.

¹ Endure, bear.

CXXI.

When swift-foot time doth roll the day along,
 Some hamlet shall unto our fury brende ;¹
 Bursting like rock, or e'en a mountain strong,
 The tall church-spire upon the green shall bend.
 We will the walls and ancient turrets rend,
 Destroy each tree which golden fruit doth bear,
 Down to the gods the owners thereof send,
 Besprinkling all abroad sad war and bloody
 weere,²
 But first to yonder oak-tree we will fly,
 And thence will issue out on all that cometh by.
[*Exeunt.*

CXXII.

Scene—Another part of the Wood. CELMONDE and
 BERTHA.

Ber This darkness doth affray my woman's breast,
 How sable is the spreading sky array'd !
 Happy the cottager who lives to rest,
 Nor is at night's appalling line dismayed.
 The stars do scantily the sable braid ;
 Wide are the silver beams of comfort wove ;
 Speak, Celmonde, does it make thee not afraid ?
Cel. Darker the night, the fitter time for love.
Ber. Sayest thou for love ? Ah ! love is far away.
 Fain would I see once more the ruddy light of day

CXXIII.

Cel. Love may be nigh, would Bertha call it here.
Ber. How, Celmonde, dost thou mean ?

¹ Burn.² Grief.

Cel. This Celmonde means—
 No beam, no eyes, no mortal men appear,
 Nor light, an act of love for to bewreene;¹
 Naught in this forest but this torch doth sheen,²
 The which put out doth leave the whole in night.
 See how the branching trees do here entwine,
 Making this bower so pleasing to the sight;
 This was for love first made and here it stands,
 That herein lovers may enlink in true love's bands.

CXXIV.

Ber. Celmonde, speak what thou mean'st, or else my
 thoughts
 Perchance may rob thy honesty so fair.
Cel. Then hear and know, hereto I have you brought,
 My long-hid love unto you to make clear.
Ber. Oh, heaven and earth! what is it I do hear?
 Am I betrayed? where is my Ælla, say?
Cel. Oh, do not now to Ælla such love bear,
 But furnish some on Celmonde's head.
Ber. Away!
 I will begone, and grope my passage out,
 Albeit adder-stings my legs do twine about.

CXXV.

Cel. Now, by the saints, I will not let thee go,
 Until thou dost my burning love amate.³
 Those eyes have caused Celmonde mickle woe,
 Then let their smile first take him in re grate.⁴
 O! did thou see my bosom's troublous state,
 There love doth harrow up my joy and ethe!⁵

¹ Disclose.² Shine.³ Quench.⁴ Favour.⁵ Ease.

I wretched am, beyond the help of fate,
 If Bertha still will make my heart veins blethe.¹
 Soft as the summer flowerets, Bertha, look,
 Full ill I can thy frowns and hard displeasure brook.

CXXVI.

Ber. Thy love is foul ; I would be deaf for aye,
 Rather than hear such deslavage² said ;
 Quickly fly from me and naught further say ;
 Rather than hear thy love, I would be dead.
 Ye saints ! and shall I wrong my Ælla's bed ?
 And would'st thou, Celmonde, tempt me to the
 thing ?
 Let me begone, thou man of sable heart !
 Or heaven and her stars will take a maiden's part.

CXXVII.

Cel. Since then you will not let my suit avail,
 My love will have its joy, although with
 guilt,
 Your limbs shall bend, albeit strong as steel,
 The murky season will your blushes hylte.³
Ber. Help, help, ye saints ! Oh that my blood was
 spilt !
Cel. The saints at distance stand in time of need ;
 Strive not to go ; thou canst not, if thou wilt,
 Unto my wish be kind, and naught else heed.
Ber. No, foul deceiver, I will rend the air
 Till death do stay my din, or some kind passer
 hear.

¹ Bleed.² Impure passion.³ Hide.

CXXVIII.

Help, help, oh God !

Enter HURRA and Danes.

Hur. Ah ! that's a woman's cry.
I know it ; say, who are you, that be there ?

Cel. Ye hinds, away ! or by this sword ye die.

Hur. Thy words will ne'er my spirit's seat appear.

Ber. Save me, oh, save me from this ravisher.

Hur. Stand thou by me ; now say thy name and land,
Or quickly shall my sword thy body tear.

Cel. Both I will show thee by my mighty hand.

Hur. Beset him round, ye Danes.

Cel. Come on, and see

If my strong sword may settle what I be.

*[Fight all against CELMONDE ; many Danes
he slayeth, and falleth to HURRA.]*

CXXIX.

Cel. Oh ! I forslagen¹ am ! Ye Danes now ken

I am that Celmonde, second in the fight,

Who did at Watchet so forslay your men ;

I feel mine eyes to swim in eterne night—

To her be kind. *[Dieth.]*

Hur. Then fell a worthy knight.

Say, who art thou ?

Ber. I am great Ælla's wife.

Hur. Ah !

Ber. If against him ye harbour foul despise,
Now with the deadly anlance² take my life.

¹ Slain

² Sword.

My thanks I ever on you will bestow,
From embryce¹ you me plucked, the worst of
mortal woe.

CXXX.

Hur. I will, it shall be so ; ye Dacians, hear,
This Ælla he hath been our foe for aye.
Throughout the battle he did furious tear,
Being the life and head of every fray ;
From every Dacian power he won the day,
Magnus he slew, and all our ships ybrente ;²
By his fell arm we now are made to stray,
The spear of Dacia he in pieces shente,³
When hunted barks unto our land did come,
Ælla the cause they said, and wished him bitter
doom.

CXXXI.

Ber. Mercy !

Hur. Be still.

But yet he is a foeman good and fair ;
When we are spent he soundeth the forloyne ;⁴
The captives' chain he tosseth in the air,
Cheereth the wounded both with bread and
wine.

Hath he not unto some of you been digne ?⁵

You would have smoked on Wedëcestrian field,
But he forbade them pursuit for to cleyne,⁶

Throwing on his wide back his wider spreading
shield.

When ye, as captives, in the field did be,

He oathed⁷ you to be still, and straight did set you
free.

¹ Adultery.

⁵ Kind.

² Burned.

⁶ Sound.

³ Brake.

⁷ Made you take oaths.

⁴ Retreat.

CXXXII.

Shall we then slay his wife, because he's brave ?
 Because he fighteth for his country's gare ?¹
 Will he who hath but been this Ælla's slave,
 Rob him of what perchance he holdeth dear ?
 Or shall we men, with manly sprites appear,
 Doing him favour for his favour done,
 Swift to his palace now this damsel bear,
 Explain our case, and to our way be gone ?
 The last you do approve ? so let it be.
 Damosel, come away ; you safe shall be with me.

CXXXIII.

Ber. All blessings may the saints unto you give !
 All pleasure may your lengthened livings be !
 Ælla, when knowing that by you I live,
 Will think too small a gift the land and sea.
 O Celmonde ! I may deftly read by thee,
 What ill-betideth the enfoulèd kind.
 May not thy cross-stone² of thy crime bewree !³
 May all men know thy valour, few thy mind !
 Soldier ! for such thou art in noble fray,
 I will thy goings 'tend, and do thou lead the way.

CXXXIV.

Hur. The morning 'gins along the coast to sheen,
 Darkling the light doth on the waters play,
 The faint red gleam slow creepeth o'er the green ;
 To chase the murkiness of night away ;
 Swift fly the hours that will bring out the day.
 The soft dew falleth on the growing grass ;

¹ Cause.² Monument.³ Declare.

The shepherdess arranging her array,
 Scarce sees her visage in the wavy glass.
 By the full daylight we shall Ælla see,
 Or Bristol's walled town ; come, damsel, follow me.
[*Exeunt.*]

CXXXV.

Scene—Bristol. *Enter* ÆLLA and Servants.

Æl. 'Tis now full morn ; I thought I by last night
 Would have been here ; my steed hath not my
 love.
 This is my palace ; let my hinds alight,
 Whilst I go up and wake my sleeping dove.
 Stay here, my servants ; I shall go above.
 Now Bertha will thy look enheal my sprite,
 Thy smiles unto my wounds a balm will prove,
 My leaden body will be set aright.
 Egwina, haste, and ope the portal-door,
 That I on Bertha's breast may think of war no more.

Enter EGWINA.

CXXXVI.

Egw. Oh, Ælla !
 Æl. Ah ! thy countenance to me
 Speaketh a legendary tale of woe.
 Egw. Bertha is——
 Æl. What ? where ? how ? say what of she ?
 Egw. Gone——
 Æl. Gone ! ye gods !
 Egw. Alas ! it is too true.
 Ye saints, he dies away with mickle woe !
 Ælla ! what ? Ælla ! oh ! he lives again !

Æl. Call me not Ælla ; I am he no moe.¹
Where is she gone away ? Ah ! speak ! how ?
when ?

Egw. I will.

Æl. Caparison a score of steeds ; fly, fly,
Where is she ? quickly speak, or instant thou shalt
die.

CXXXVII.

Egw. Still thy loud rage, and hear thou what I know.

Æl. Oh ! speak.

Egw. Like primrose, drooping with the heavy rain,
Last night I left her, drooping with her weere,²
Her love the cause that gave her heart such pain.

Æl. Her love ? to whom ?

Egw. To thee her spouse alone.

As is my custom every morn to go,
I went and oped her chamber-door in twain,
But found her not, as I was wont to do.
Then all around the palace I did seere,³
But could (to my heart's woe) not find her anywhere.

CXXXVIII.

Æl. Thou liest, foul hag ! thou liest ! thou art her aid
To cheer her lust. But no ; it cannot be.

Egw. If truth appear not in what I have said,
Draw forth thy sword and quickly then me slea.⁴

Æl. But yet it must, it must be so ; I see,
She with some lusty paramour is gone.
It must be so.—Oh, how it racketh me !
My race of love, my race of life, is run.

1 More. 2 Grief. 3 Search, 4 Slay,

Now rage and furious storm and tempest come !
Naught living upon earth can now make sweet my
doom.

CXXXIX.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord ! I am about the truth to say,
Last night, full late I did return to rest ;
As to my chamber I did bend my way,
To Bertha one his name and place addressed ;
Down to him came she ; but thereof the rest
I know no matter ; so, my homage made—
Æl. Oh ! speak no more ; my heart flames in its best ;
I once was Ælla ; now am not his shade.
Had all the fury of misfortune's will
Fall'n on my bann'd head I had been Ælla still.

CXL.

This only was unarmed, of all my sprite.
My honour, honour, frowned on the soft wind,
That stole upon it ! now with rage I'm pight ;¹
A furious storm is my distracted mind.
My honour yet some scanty joy may find,
To the Dane's wounds I will another give.
When thus my happiness and peace is rynde,²
It were a cowardice to think to live.
My servants, unto every asker tell,
If nobly Ælla lived, as nobly Ælla fell !
[Stabbeth his breast.]

¹ Tortured.

² Ruined.

CXLI.

Ser. Ælla is slain ; the flower of England's marred !
Æl. Be still ; loud let the churches ring my knell.
 Call hither brave Coërnnyke ; he, as ward
 Of this my Bristol castle, will do well.

[*Knell ringeth.*]

Enter COËRNYKE.

Æl. Thee I ordain the ward ; so all may tell.
 I have but little time to drag this life ;
 My deadly tale, like to a deadly bell,
 Din in the ears of her I wished my wife.
 But ah ! she may be pure.

Egw. That she must be.

Æl. Ah ! say not so ; that word would Ælla doubly slea.¹

CXLII.

Enter BERTHA and HURRA.

Æl. Ah ! Bertha here !

Ber. What din is this ? what means this funeral
 knell ?

Where is my Ælla ? speak ; where ? how is he ?
 Oh Ælla ! art thou then alive and well ?

Æl. I live indeed ; but do not live for thee.

Ber. What means my Ælla ?

Æl. Here my meaning see.

Thy foulness urged my hand to give this wound ;
 It me unsprites.

Ber. It hath unsprited me.

Æl. Ah heavens ! my Bertha falleth to the ground !

¹ Slay.

But yet I am a man, and so will be.

Hvr. Ælla ! I am a Dane, but yet a friend to thee.

CXLIH.

This damosel I found within a wood,
 Striving full hard against an armed swain.
 I sent him wallowing in my comrades' blood,
 Celmonde his name, chief of thy warring train.
 This damosel sought to be here again,
 The which, albeit foemen, we did will ;
 So here we brought her with you to remain.

Coer. Ye noble Danes ! With gold I will you fill.

Æl. Bertha, my life ! my love ! Oh, she is fair : ¹

What faults could Bertha have ? what faults could
 Ælla fear ?

CXLIV.

Ber. Am I then thine ? I cannot blame thy fear,
 But now do rest upon my Ælla's breast.

I will to thee detail the woeful gare.²

Celmonde did come to me at time of rest,

Begging for me to fly, at your request,

To Watchet town, where you a-dying lay.

I with him fled ; through a mirk wood we pressed,

Where he foul love unto my ears did say ;

The Danes——

Æl. Oh ! I die content.

[*Dieth.*

Ber. Oh ! is my Ælla dead ?

Oh ! I will make his grave my virgin spousal bed.

[*BERTHA fainteth.*

¹ Meaning "chaste."

² Cause, affair.

CXLV.

Coer. What? Ælla dead? and Bertha dying too!
 So fall the fairest flowerets of the plain.
 Who can unfold the works that heaven can do,
 Or who untwist the roll of fate in twain?
 Ælla, thy honour was thy only gain,
 For it, thy pleasure and thy joy was lost.
 Thy countrymen shall rear thee on the plain
 A pile of cairns,¹ as any grave can boast:
 Further a just reward to thee to be,
 In heaven thou sing of God, on earth we'll sing of
 thee.

THE FREERE OF ORDERYS WHYTE.²

THERE was a Broder of Orderys Whyte,
 Hee songe hys masses yn the nyghte;
 Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.
 The nounes al slepeynge yn the Dorture,³
 Thoughte hym of al syngeynge Freeres the Flowre,
 Ave Maria, Jesu Maria.

Suster Agnes looved his syngeynge well,
 And songe with hem too, the sothen to tell.
 Ave Maria, etc.

But be ytte ne sed bie Elde or yynges,
 That ever dheyse oderwyse dyd synge
 Than Ave Maria, etc.

¹ Chatterton means "stones."

² This and the following piece are unchanged.

³ A sleeping-room:

This Broder was called evrich wheere ;
To Kenshamm and to Bristol Nonnere.

Ave Maria, etc.

Botte seyyng of masses dyd wurch hym so lowe,
Above hys Skynne hys Bonys did growe.

Ave Maria, etc.

He eaten Beefe and Dyshes of Mows,¹
And hontend everych Knyghtys house,

With Ave Maria, etc.

And beyng ane moe in gode lyken,
He songe to the Nones and was poren agen,

With Ave Maria, etc.

HEREAUDYN.

A FRAGMENTE.

YYNGE HEREAUDYN al bie the grene Wode
sate,

Hereynge the swote Chelandrie² ande the Oue,³
Seeing the kenspecked⁴ amaylde⁵ flourettes nete,

Ensyingynge to the birds hys Love songe true.

Syrre Preeste camme bie and forthe hys bede-rolle
drewe,

Fyve Aves and a Pater moste be sedde ;

Twayne songe : the on hys Songe of Willowe Rue,

The odher one——

.

¹ Probably a preparation of boiled corn.

² Goldfinch. ³ Blackbird. ⁴ Speckled. ⁵ Enamelled.

THE ACCOUNT OF W. CANYNGE'S FEAST.

THOROWE the halle the belle han sounde,
 Byelecoyl¹ doe the grave beseeme²
 The ealdermenne doe sytte arounde,
 Ande snoffelle³ oppe the cheorte⁴ steeme.
 Lyche asses wylde ynne desart waste,
 Swotelye the morneynge ayre doe taste.

Syke keene thie ate ; the minstrels plaie,
 The dynne of angelles doe theie keepe ;
 Heie styll the guests ha ne to saie,
 Butte nodde yer thankes and falle aslape.
 Thus echone daie bee I to deene,
 Gyf Rowley, Iscamm, or Tyb. Gorges be ne seene.

¹ Fair welcome.

² Become.

³ Snuff up.

⁴ Savoury.

HOWARD BOY

HOME USE

SPRINGER, C. V. AND S. D.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

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